PORTER & HOWE, Editors and Proprietors. "AS A STRANGER, GIVE IT WELCOME." Published on Saturdays, at 53 Fulton Street.

VOLUME I. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 11, 1832. NUMBER 9.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK, IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY WILLIAM T. PORTER AND JAMES HOWE, 53 FULTON-STREET, CORNER OF FULTON AND CLIFF-STREETS.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION AND ADVERTISING.

Subscribers paying yearly in ADVANCE, . . . $3,00
At the expiration of six months, ... 4,00
At the expiration of the year, ... 5,00
QUARTERLY in advance, per quarter, ... 1,00
No Subscriptions received for less than six months. All Orders and Advertisements for this paper, must be accompanied with Cash or a City Reference—paid or to be paid. Gentlemen procuring five subscribers, will be furnished with the paper gratis, or retain a commission of 15 per cent.
Yearly ADVERTISERS, (paper included, ... $30,00
Advertisements per square, first insertion, . . . ,75
Do. Do. second, do. . . . . ,25
Do. Do. longer inserted. . . . . ,18
Yearly Advertisers are required to settle half yearly.

New-York.

"Celestial graces and mains,
"Sighs and simpers, grins and groans,
"Calm's waist and Colebs' sonnets,
"Girls of grace, and Broadway bonnets,
"Blue-eyed belles and black-eyed beaus,
"Oh! and ahs! and shs! and obs!"

THE METROPOLIS OF THE WEST.—We have made a few extracts from a late interesting account of the first settlement of Cincinnati, which we trust will prove as acceptable to our patrons as any "Bear Hunt," "Fish Story," or "Woodchuck Shooting" we could have presented them. They must not understand from this that we are unsupplied with numerous "monstrosities," and some "good shots," &c. &c.—far from it; we have two pigeon-holes full of accounts of "Blood Horses," "Sea Serpents," "Rabbit Hunters," and "Fishing Excursions;" to say nothing of remarkable cats, dogs, fighting cocks, and snake killers. In addition to these, we have dissertations on snipe-shooting, partridge-shooting, fox-hunting, and eel-catching;—besides two long essays on the "Advantages of Agility in a Skunk Fight."—These, gentle reader, with twenty others we *could* name, but will not trespass further on your patience. We think you will agree with us that a "sprinkling" of other matters would occasionally suit you as well; and for that reason we have endeavored to make this week's paper more

"Various—
That the mind of desultory man,
Studious of change, and pleas'd with novelty,
May be indulged."

CINCINNATI—PAST AND PRESENT.

It is forty-three years this week, since the site on which the city stands was surveyed. On the 7th day of January, forty-three years ago this day, a lottery was drawn for lots by the first *thirty* individuals who came here for the purpose of making improvements. The city now contains 30,000 inhabitants. A few log cabins and two or three frame houses were built the first year: during the past, upwards of 500 substantial edifices have been erected. The 640 acres of ground on which the city stands, cost originally *forty-nine dollars!*—Some portions of it are now selling at *thirty dollars an inch!* The beautiful quay—the substantial pavements—the numerous public edifices—the splendid warehouses on Front and Pearl streets, and the magnificent private dwellings on Broadway and Fourth street, present a striking contrast with the aspect of this place at the period to which we refer. Fancy to yourselves a beach bottom, consisting, like most of those along the Ohio, of two plains or terraces. The front or lower of these, projected out far beyond Front street, where the cakes of floating ice encountered the out-posts of the forest, a range of lofty sycamores, cotton trees, and water maples. The back part of this narrow plain was lower than the front, and covered with ponds and marshes overshadowed with beech and maple, with a dense undergrowth of spice-wood, flags, rushes, and rank weeds. Where the splendid edifices and vast warehouses of Lower Main and Pearl street now stand, connected by brick pavements, were causeways of fallen trees in every stage of decay, which served as natural bridges for foot-passengers to reach the hill or upper plain, the ascent to which was nearly as steep as a well. This higher level was dry, and overspread with a lofty grove of beach, yellow poplar, and hickory, in unbroken and primitive grandeur. The whole site was inhabited by racoons, opossums, wild cats, and other small animals at that time common in the valley of the Ohio.

To the late Discourse of Doctor Drake before the Cincinnati Lyceum, in commemoration of the landing of the first emigrants at this place, we are indebted for a few reminiscences. The following is an account of the first appearance of hostile Indians upon this plain, after the landing of the emigrants:—

"In the summer of 1791, two men, Scott and Shepherd, had gone out in the morning to plough corn, nearly a mile from the river, up what is now Western Row. It was about nine o'clock in the morning when the Indians, rising from an ambush at the edge of the little field, fired on them. Neither was hurt, and both escaped by running towards the village. Mr. (now Col.) John S. Wallace, and one or two others, were at work at a short distance from the spot. He seized up his gun, at that time carried into the field no less than the axe, and running towards the scene of action, fired on the foe, but without effect. In the course of a single minute, they cut off the harness of the two plough horses, and escaping with them into the woods, disappeared instantly. On going to the spot where the Indians had just been concealed, the settlers found eight blankets, a watch or blanket coat, a powder-horn full of powder, and a leg of bear-meat. From the *plunder* thus left by their sudden flight, it was concluded that they were eight in number. A party of volunteers pursued them to the Great Miami, above where Hamilton now stands, but returned without success."

The following is an account of the only prisoner taken from the village:

"The next attack, during the same summer, was on George Gears and Joseph Cutter, who were clearing land near where the canal now enters the town plot, a mile from the river. It was late in the afternoon. Gears ran into the village, but Cutter was taken and never heard of afterwards. Israel Ludlow, John S. Wallace, and five others, pursued them up Mill Creek about three miles, through the thick growth of undershrubs and high weeds, when, night coming on, they relinquished the chase."

It cannot fail to interest our city readers, to know the spot where the only blood ever shed on this town plat by the Indians, was spilled:

"In the same summer, and near the same spot where Cutter was captured, a man by the name of Vancleve was, likewise, engaged in clearing land, when a single Indian suddenly emerged from the adjoining wood. Vancleve instantly ran towards the place where the hospital now stands. The Indian pursued and overtook him, about two squares north of that edifice, and between the Canal and Western Row. Finding escape impossible, the unfortunate man stopped and turned round, when the Indian instantly stabbed him.—Vancleve seized the blade of the knife, which the Indian drew out of his hand, cutting it severely, when he fell, received another stab, and expired. In a single moment the Indian took off a small scalp, and retreated into the woods with the celerity of a panther. This was the *first and last* human blood which fell upon our soil by Indian hands. The catastrophe was witnessed at a short distance by Seth Cutter, Ezekiel Sayre, and some others, but they were unarmed, and no pursuit was made.

"The last time that hostile Indians were known to enter the precincts of the village, was in the spring of the succeeding year, 1792. It was in the night. They were not seen, but left behind them a fearful evidence of their stealthy and silent intrepidity. Near the centre of the square between Front and Second streets, and a little west of Elm street, an ox was found dead, in the morning, pierced with two Indian arrows. The bell which he wore had probably attracted their attention to him, and, as it was taken off, they had, no doubt, killed him expressly to obtain it. A cabin, inhabited by a family, stood within 200 feet of the spot where the animal was killed."

We were the more particularly struck with the following account of perhaps the first larceny, and certainly the first infliction of criminal law that ever occurred in the Miami country, from the fact that our legislature are now discussing the policy of returning to this primitive mode of punishment for minor offences. The orator had it from Luke Foster, Esq. formerly one of the judges of this county. The occurrence took place at Columbia, immediately below the Little Miami the first village settled—now a group of farms.

"Before the arrival at Cincinnati of Governor St. Clair, in January, 1790, the settlers were without laws of any kind. The following incident will show the means of civil government resorted to at that early period. A man who had brought flour down the river, had a barrel stolen from the landing. The first man he met and acquainted with his loss, proposed to search every house, and add the owner of each one to their party as they went on. They examined thirteen cabins without resistance; but the inmate of the fourteenth pronounced it a lawless proceeding, and refused, *from principle*, to permit the search. His opposition, however, availed but little, and the lost flour was found under his bed. A trial, of course, was not necessary, and it only remained to devise and execute a suitable punishment, in which they were not slow. Every one of the thirteen provided himself with a switch, and, tying the thief to a haw tree, each gave him three stripes, which, in the language of one of the party, 'made the complement of forty save one,' and the property being restored, all was settled."

We admire the spirit of this culprit, in contending for principle. A man's house is his castle; and he who would not resist its being searched, when he had a barrel of stolen flour under his bed, must be a poor democrat.

We may perhaps give some further interesting reminiscences hereafter.

POETICAL LANGUAGE. A Welsh knight of the ancient and honorable order of St. Crispin lately called out from the ground floor of his dwelling-house to his wife who was nursing the pledge of their love in the garret—"Angel, descend with the Cherub!" If such language become general among the Jobsons of the day, the old farce of "The Devil to Pay" will be hooted off the stage, as a libel on the worshipful company of cobblers.

A TWO-LEGGED FOX. At the beginning of last week, says the Sheffield Courant, the following "hint to goose stealers," was found, having been put under the door of a house not five miles from Bradfield, in the occupation of a man supposed to be experimentally skilled that way —

"Mr. ——, when you steal geese, have the goodness to cut off one of their heads or wings, and leave it in the place from whence you steal them, and the persons from whom you steal them will esteem it a great favor, because it will save them a deal of time and trouble in searching for their supposed strayed geese."

The editor of the Boston Morning Post lately took occasion to come out with a violent philippic against *second marriages*—whether moved by an acquaintance with some striking case of domestic infelicity arising from such re-union, or actuated merely by the common desire of manufacturing an article that would "take," we know not; but the singularity of the subject and the spirit of the essay itself gave it a decided run among our cotemporaries. But another wight of the corps editorial—we wish he were known to us, that we might determine whether he has just entered upon his second matrimonial engagement, or is now paying his addresses to some coy, comely and wealthy widow—has taken up the cudgel in reply, therein treating us to the following tart paragraph:

Of all weak, silly subjects for newspaper discussion there is none which strikes us more decidedly so than that of the propriety or impropriety of *second* marriages. Several newspapers have been recently exercising their wits on this question, without reference either to the common sense of their readers, or to the domestic relations of many whose feelings they may be thus unnecessarily wounding. The ridiculous sentiment so inconsiderately promulgated, that domestic happiness is inconsistent with second marriages is one as wicked in its tendency as it doubtless is inconsistent with experience. Whatever cause of prejudice or "private grief" may exist in the minds of individuals on subjects of this nature, they should not be discussed publicly, and in a manner evincing so wanton a disregard of the feelings of others.

TOOTH ACHE.

I smoked twelve boxes of cigars
('Tis nothing but the truth;)
I chewed tobacco—full a pound,
To sooth my aching tooth.

I filled it up with opium,
I ate not any food,
I swallowed quarts of ague drops,
But ache my grinder would.

At last I swore I'd have it out,
And to the dentist went!
But when I sat me in his chair,
My vow I did repent.

And when his bloody instruments
Were ranged before my sight,
I jumped full five feet from the floor,
And yelled with all my might.

"My friend," said he, "I'll draw your tooth,
With less degree of pain.
Than any dentist in the town."
I sat me down again

He took hold with his savage things,
I uttered a loud cry.
"Dear sir," said he, "I'll hurt you not,
Dear sir, said I, you lie!

He gave a most infernal wrench,
I wished that I was dead,
For all the torments in the world
Seemed centered in my head.

He pulled, he tugged—then out it came,
That horrid tooth of mine—
The monster nearly broke my jaw,
And charged me six and nine!!

A person who styled himself a mad doctor, lately published an address in a provincial paper, beginning—"Worthy the attention of the insane."

A *bon vivant* of fashion, brought to his death-bed by an immoderate use of wine, after having been seriously taken leave of by Dr. Pitcairn, and ingeniously told that he could not in all probability survive twelve hours, and would die by eight o'clock next morning, exerted the small remains of his strength to call the doctor back, which having accomplished with difficulty, his loudest effort not exceeding a whisper, he said with the true spirit of a gambler, "Doctor, I'll bet you a bottle I live till nine."

When some one was once lamenting Foote's unlucky fate in being kicked in Dublin, Johnson said he was glad of it. "He is rising in the world," added he; "when he was in England, no one thought it worth while to kick him."

A gentleman, who was going to fight a duel, asked a friend of his, who had won a considerable sum the night before, to be his second. "My dear sir," replied the gamester, "I won fifteen hundred guineas last night, and shall cut but a poor figure at fighting to-day: but if you will apply to the person I got them of, he will fight like a devil, for he has not a farthing left."

EASTON, Pa. Jan. 26.—Charles Hay, the worthy grave-digger of this borough, says the Argus, during the last 38 years, has himself buried 1336 of his fellow citizens, exclusive of some hundreds, at whose interment he assisted. He is still hale and hearty—and bids fair to add a goodly portion to the number. Though it be an unchristian wish, we hope to live to attend his funeral.

O NO, I NEVER MENTION IT.

A PARODY.

O no, I never mention it,
I never said a word;
But lent my friend a five pound note,
Of which—I've never heard!
He said he merely borrowed it
To pay another debt—
And since I've never *mentioned* it,
He thinks that I *forget*!

Where'er we ride, I pays the pike,
I settles every treat;
He rides my cob—he drives my cab—
He eats me when we meet!
My new umbrell' I lent him too,
One night 'twas very wet;
Though he forgets it ne'er came back,
Ah me, I don't forget!

To Sally Sims, my own true love,
Few visits I can pay;
But think how *kind* my friend behaves,
He calls on her each day!
By him I've sent rich pearls and rings,
With fruit and flowers a lot;
The *fruit* and *flowers* came safe to hand,
The *rest* my friend forgot!

Sometimes I treats Miss to the play,
But, what I can't abide,
Is when I just sits down by her,
My friend's at *t'other side*!
Such whispering, and such quizzing, too,
They keep, to make me fret;—
I know 'tis all a "make believe,"
But still—I can't forget.

ANECDOTES OF THE REVOLUTION.

It seems there were two cannon kept in a gun-house opposite the Mall, West street, in Boston, in the care of one Paddock. The British found it out, and Paddock promised to deliver them up.—A party of school boys undertook to prevent him from doing it.

The school-house was the next building to the gun-house, separated only by a yard, common to both, and surrounded by a high fence. The boys contrived to enter the gun-house windows, in the rear, in spite of an English guard, which had been placed before the building. The guns were taken off their carriages, carried into the school-room, and placed in a large box under the master's desk, in which wood was kept.

The English soon missed the guns, and began to search the yard. They then entered the school-house, and examined it all over, excepting the box, which the master placed his lame foot upon. They were too polite to disturb him, and excused him from rising. The boys looked on, but lisped not a word. The guns remained in the box for a fortnight, when one of the largest boys carried them away in a trunk, one evening on a wheel-barrow. A blacksmith at the south end, kept them some time under a pile of coal; and they were at last put into a boat at night, and conveyed safely to the American camp.

Previous to the retreat of Americans, several skirmishes were fought between the two armies.—Two forts, one belonging to the English, and the other to the Americans, were within half gun shot of each other, and were only separated by a small creek. It was at last agreed between the British and American officers, that the sentinels should not fire upon each other, as they went their rounds. So they became very civil. "Give us a quid of your tobacco, my good friend," cried the English guard to the American sentinel. "Oh certainly," said the later. He drew his twisted roll from his pocket, and tossed it across the creek to the Englishman, who gnawed off a quid, and threw it back again.

The Americans were defeated again at Germantown, on the 4th of October. The battle began early in the morning, when nothing could be seen farther than thirty yards. During the whole action, which lasted nearly three hours, the firing on both sides was directed by the flash of each other's guns. The smoke of the cannon and musketry, mingled with the thick fog, rested over the armies in clouds.

The Americans saved their artillery, even to a single cannon, which had been dismounted. This piece belonged to Green's division; and he stopped in the midst of the retreat, and coolly ordered it to be placed in a waggon. In this manner it was carried off.

General Greene's aid-de-camp, Major Burnet wore a long cue in this battle, as the fashion then was in the army. As he turned round to attend to the cannon just mentioned, his cue was cut off by a musket ball from the enemy. "Don't hurry my dear Major," cried Greene, laughing; "pray dismount, and get that long cue of yours; dont be in haste.

The English were driving after them at a tremendous rate, cavalry, cannon and all. The major jumped from his horse, however, and picked up his cue. Just at that moment, a shot took off a large powdered curl from the head of Greene. The Major in turn, advised him to stop and pick it up, but he rode on quietly, and was the last man on the field.

At a place near Stamford, the British came upon General Putnam, who had one hundred and fifty militia-men with him, and two cannon. With these he kept the enemy at bay for some time. He then ordered the soldiers into a swamp hard by, where the British troopers could not follow; and he himself rode at full gallop down a steep rock behind the meeting house. Nearly one hundred steps had been hewn in it, like a flight of stairs for the people to ascend in going to meeting. The troopers stopped at the brink, and dared not follow him. He escaped with a bullet-hole through his hat.

Greene attacked the enemy at Eutaw Springs, September 8th, and completely defeated them, killing and capturing eleven hundred of their best soldiers. In pursuing the enemy, one Manning found himself surrounded by them. He seized a small British officer; and being himself a stout man, placed him on his shoulders, and retreated, the English not daring to fire at him. The little officer was horribly frightened, but Manning took good care of him.

COURT OF REQUESTS.

A Horse Shaved.—A gentleman named Wells was summoned before the Commissioners by Thomas Fields, a hair dresser, for the sum of 30 shillings, the price demanded by the plaintiff for shaving a horse.

The plaintiff swore that the defendant brought a him a horse to be shaved, for the purpose of shaving a new coat upon the animal. He horse had been attempted to be shaved by the defendant, on part of the steed, but from want of skill in the art, the poor beast was most miserably mangled.

The defendant got tired after four hours work, and threw down the job to the plaintiff.

The razors of the shop were in great requisition for ten days, during which the shaving was going forward and the plaintiff was obliged to be proceeded, to wrap up the bald parts to protect the horse from cold. The Commissioners, he said, could not possibly judge of the difficulty of shaving a horse from themselves.—(a laugh.) It was quite a different sort of business, and he defied any man to go over such a sized animal for less than three shilling a day, *and* to go over the joints of his usual customers at the same time.

Mr. Meyers, (one of the Commissioners) asked what objection was made to the charge?

The defendant said that he considered the sum of thirty shillings for merely taking the hair off a horse, entirely too much especially as he (defendant) had done a good deal of the job himself.

The hair dresser declared that the part upon which the defendant had operated was so badly done, that if it had not been shave before the coat would have been as rough as a hedge-hog, while all the rest was as smooth as a new born babe.—(laughter.)

The defendant said that any horse cleaner would have completed the business for a great deal less money.

The hair dresser said that it was quite impossible—He had never shaved a horse before, but it was a regular sweater.

Mr. Myers asked the defendant what he generally paid for a shave himself.

The defendant (feeling his chin)—Why, two pence I think is generally the price.

Mr. Meyers—Aye, a penny a cheek. Now, how many of your jaws would make up the size of a horse?—(a laugh.)

The defendant said there was less delicacy necessary in shaving a horse than a man.

Mr. Meyers—Not a bit more than shaving an ass.—[laughter.]

The hair dresser—Look at the *leather* and the chance of a kick!—[laughter.] Besides I went over the beast as clean as possible. I turned him out as smooth as my hand, down, to the fetlock.

Mr. Meyers said that he was surprised at the refusal to pay 30s. for the job. Indeed he always thought it impossible to perform a thing of the kind, and he believed that to be the general belief; for it was usual for people to say when they heard a bounding file, "Next comes a horse to be shaved!"—[loud laughter.]

The hairdresser said that it was a hard matter to shave some parts of the horse, because the skin here and there hitched very much. For his part, he'd rather "go over" a whole regiment of soldiers.

The defendant was then ordered to pay the hair-dresser the 30s. and costs.

SUPERIORITY OF TALENT. Keimer, a printer in Philadelphia, and Franklin's employer, had contracted to furnish the blanks for an emission of paper money by the government of New Jersey. "Fearing that our Philadelphia printers," says the author, "might strike off more bills than they desired, the New Jersey legislature thought proper to send two or three commissioners to superintend the press." These gentlemen, all of the shrewd sort, soon found out the difference between the master and the young journeyman. Keimer, though a printer, had never been a reader; Franklin had devoted all his leisure hours to reading.—The one find ever courted pleasure in the improvement of his mind; the other, popularity in the decoration of his body. The shape of his whiskers, the cock of his hat, the cut of his coat, were great things with Keimer; every trick to dress outside show was caught up by him. But it would not do. While Ben, stripped to the buff, was heaving at the press, Keimer would stand by, stately as a prince at his levee—with his gilt snuff-box nicely poised in his left hand, and his right bespangled with rings, tastily carrying the refulgent Macaba to his nostrils, courting the commissioners. Yet, as before said, it would not do. The commissioners wanted new ideas, and Keimer had none to give them. Presently they turned to Ben, whom, by-the by, they hardly thought it worth while to interrogate, considering the character of his master, and his young and raw appearance. But, in place of the old jades and *nags* of master Keimer, he gave them such answers as at once surprised and delighted them. He was slow to speak, but when the commissioners, curious to explore his intellect, which had so unexpectedly startled them, purposely put a number of deep questions to him on the subject of their paper money, such as its effects upon the agriculture and commerce, and the laws that should regulate its quantity, he answered all in his own peculiar way of sagacious brevity, that made them declare he must have studied nothing else all his life. The reports which those gentlemen made in his favor produced their natural effect. "Ben" was invited very warmly, and treated with the most flattering attention by Mr. Keimer, though his employer was entirely neglected, or invited only as a compliment to "Ben."

THE MURDERER HAS MET HIS FATE.—We understand by a gentleman from Knox county, that Morgan, who has for some time past been confined in the Jail at Rushville, for the inhuman murder of his step-son, was found frozen to death in the timber about half way between Rushville and Lewiston, about the 20th ult. It appears that the boy who had care of the prisoner, neglected to put the bar, which fastened a trap door in its proper place, with the aid of this key he forced open the door and made his escape. The report in Lewiston was that this wretched man was recognized by having attached to his hands the manacles with which he was bound in prison.—*Illinois Pat.*

EDITORIAL DIFFICULTIES.—Our brethren of the press in Detroit have experienced some difficulties in pursuing the "even tenor of their way." The editor of the Free Press was conspired against by a set of one or the part proprietors of that paper, and he was beaten; and while breakfasting, (for Editors occasionally eat,) took possession of his office, the one armed with a pistol and a bottle of wine, and the other with an axe-helve. His Quilldship, however, showed himself the man, and instead of being frightened, very leisurely threw the young gentleman into the street. Pushy, not liking this equivocal demonstration of the "liberty of the Press," wisely retreated. The difficulty appears to have originated in the fact that the editor chose to speak his sentiments freely, although they were not in strict accordance with those of the part proprietors. The father of the youth who usurped the chair editorial, was put under bonds of four hundred dollars for his peaceable behavior. Shortly after this occurrence, the editor of the Courier was publicly cowhided, for publishing a communication casting aspersions upon the reputation of respectable individuals.

RESOLUTION.—A writer, whose name we have forgotten, if ever it were known to us, has said, there are no situations in which a man can be placed that require so much courage, as a soldier in facing the phalanx of an enemy, when

"——— leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,"

are whizzing around him; or as a lover in popping the question to his dearly, when his heart goes pit-a-pat and his recreant tongue refuses to perform its office. Both, we are willing to believe, require no small effort of resolution. However, the heat and din of battle in one case, and a kind word, nay, an encouraging smile, in the other, are powerful stimulants. But, as a Yankee rather said, on comparing the Shamokin dam to the Nantucket, they "*ain't a primin*" to getting out of bed these cold mornings, when your fingers adhere to the latch of your chamber door, and are only disengaged at the expense of a quarter of an inch of the skin, and your plaints, if you dare to utter any, are congealed on the lip.—*Muscy Tel.*

A BOLD VILLAIN.—A young gentleman having engaged a place in the stage for Elizabeth City, to start yesterday morning at 6 o'clock, employed a negro man whom he fell in with in the street about nine o'clock the preceding night, to take his baggage from a residence in Fen Church Street, (where he stopped at,) to the stage office. On entering the house to get his trunk, he left Cuffy at the door and went in himself to bring it out; but on his return the imp had vanished, and so had a handsome plaid-cloth cloak belonging to the gentleman of the house, which he took along with him, thinking no doubt that the possession of so valuable an article was a better speculation than the portcrage of the trunk. We hope the publication of this occurrence will have the effect of putting housekeepers on their guard.—*Norfolk Herald.*

A correspondent of the Wilmington Journal states that Calvin Edson, the Living Skeleton, has been arrested for debt by an individual of that town, and put in prison. The correspondent says:—"This act (the imprisonment) is one of the most wanton, barefaced pieces of cruelty and inhumanity that has ever disgraced our town and state. He (the person who had Edson arrested) attempted the same thing in the city of Philadelphia, but I understand the sheriff would not commit him, and brought or sent him down here on his own responsibility, to endeavour to compromise with this vile person: but alas! the humanity and noble conduct of the sheriff was but little appreciated, or remunerated; this man, or rather fiend, arrested him here, and actually sent him to jail, where he now remains, and I have understood that the person who took him shrunk from the task, and said, 'I am afraid he will die before I get him there.'

CRIMINAL COURT. The case of the state of Pennsylvania against Black came on for trial yesterday in the Criminal Court. It will be borne in mind that Mr. Black was employed by the Sheriff, and sent in pursuit of three prisoners, who broke jail some time in the month of May last.—Having reached the lake in the course of his pursuits, he discovered three individuals, who were making for a vessel at anchor at some distance from the light-tower, challenged them, and receiving no answer, fired a shot which proved fatal to one of the party. Brought before a jury of his country, the accused proved satisfactorily that he had not acted with levity or precipitancy; and that he did not make use of his weapons until after having repeatedly and fruitlessly bidden them stop in the name of the law. The jury consequently brought in a verdict of acquittal.

A man who had not money enough, and another who had too much, laid a singular wager a short time ago in Paris. The poorer one bet the richer that he would set upon the parapet of one of the bridges across the Seine, from seven in the morning until five in the evening, for one month, and that he would make all kinds of grimaces the whole time. He has already been at his post a fortnight, but he is obliged to have a friend by his side, to inform those that pass by that he is not making faces at them, but that he is doing it for a wager. Hour after hour this friend is occupied in giving the public this piece of information, and people as they pass say one to another—"Never mind that fellow, he is not making faces at us." By this wager, the *grimacier* will realize 20 francs a day.

FRAUD. Grounds of suspicion having occurred that some of the goods saved from the George Canning had been purloined on the way from the vessel to this city, we understand that the Surveyor of the Port sent a company of officers to make search for the missing goods. The Journal of Commerce says that in one house at Hempstead, L. I. there were found 80 pieces fine Irish linens, and in another 20 or 30 bundles fine cotton hose. Systematic preparations appeared to have been made for such depredations. It is supposed that considerable parcels have been sent to market. It is difficult to understand how these people could have obtained possession of the goods as it was impossible that they should have been stolen on board the ship.—*Evening Post.*

Spirit of the Times and Life in New-York.

FROM EUROPE.

The ship Hannibal, Capt. Hebbard, arrived on the 8th inst. from London; but, as she sailed but a few hours after the John Jay, she brings little intelligence which had not been anticipated. The following are the most important additional items:

London, Saturday evening, Dec. 31. The deliberation which was held yesterday at the Foreign Office, with reference to the decision of the Conference, was, as we understand, one of the most important that has taken place since the Representatives of the Five Powers first met. Shortly after its breaking up, couriers were despatched by Lord Palmerston to Berlin and Vienna, with instructions to travel with the greatest possible rapidity, for the purpose, we understand, of having the answer here before the 15th of next month.—Our readers will remember that the 16th of January is the day fixed upon by the Protocol for the exchange of the ratifications of the proposed treaty of peace between Holland and Belgium.

Paris, Dec. 29. Considerable sales of public stocks have taken place at the opening of the Exchange, and funds have retrograded with sufficient vivacity. It was soon known, however, that several of the leading stock-jobbers had paid their respects to the Minister of War, and that the Marshal had assured them that they might enter upon their operations with perfect security, because the chances of a war in Europe were never less.—Such an assurance, from such a source, was well calculated to dissipate the unpleasant rumors that had been industriously circulated for some days. Our capitalists have gained courage, and the abundance of calls for money stock, in preference to gambling speculations, have raised all prices above yesterday's closing price.

A grand circular fox-hunt took place in Washington county, Penn. on the 27th ult. The plan of the campaign occupied two columns of the county papers published just previous to the appointed day. The hunters are therein divided into six lines, with the marshals and captains thereof; and on the list of officers we remark the name of Joseph Ritner, Esq. the Anti-masonic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania. We have not heard with what success this attempt at sporting on a liberal scale was attended; but we trust the lovers of the chase engaged, found the game abundant and the sport excellent.

EVERY TUB ON ITS OWN BOTTOM.—We will not venture a conjecture as to the origin of this very trite and convenient maxim, any farther than to surmise that it is the production of one of that calculating fraternity who bestow something less than a moiety of consideration and charity on their less fortunate neighbors. However that may be, we do not think that the author, by furnishing so ready and chilling a supplication to the demands of of benevolence, merits any considerable share in the gratitude and veneration of mankind. Had it not been for this maxim, we will not say how many a hand that has been stretched out in unavailing solicitation for assistance, might have been withdrawn with something more than naked palms. But such is the connexion between our immaterial and corporeal natures, that the actions of the latter are ever regulated and governed by the habits and principles of the former. An erroneous maxim is always to be guarded against as a dangerous occupant of our intellectual repository, since we are liable to be led by it, ever unwittingly, to the commission of errors in conduct.

There are thousands in the world, could both think and write more feelingly on this subject than ourselves; but since they seem so little inclined to take it up, either through a culpable apathy or a conviction of the futility of censure in a case like this, where interest is against them, we had almost determined on directing a small battery against this fortress of selfishness and illiberality.

Such is the situation of the business doing portion of the good citizens of this metropolis at the present time, that they have found it necessary to abolish—perhaps we should say suspend the maxim, *every tub on its own bottom*; since it was very clear that by adhering to it many of them would eventually be tubs without bottoms. They have agreed to an armistice, the more effectually perhaps to counteract the revolutionary tendency of a scarcity of the needful; adopting the motto "united we stand, divided we fall."

How favorable are times of general pressure and distress to the exercise of the latent or slumbering sympathies of the human heart! Even mean self interest will sometimes prompt us to be benevolent. When there is likely to be a reciprocity of wants, how astonishingly accommodating do men become; and with what good natured smiles do they receive and grant a request for a loan—if they happen to be flush. Individuals who before have been on terms of rather cool and distant friendship become, all at once, united by the most tender of ties—that of interest; very Jonathans in sympathy and fellowship.

We must confess however, that we are not without our fears that the reign of this good feeling will not be eternal. There is too much reason to believe that it is nothing more than the dew falling on the heart in a night of adversity, which the sun of prosperity will again exhale, leaving the breast as unfruitful as ever in benevolent emotions; and the iron policy will be restored, with the restoration of the maxim of *every tub on its own bottom*.

TRUTH.

Philosophers have represented truth as encompassed with clouds, that the world might flatter their vanity by magnifying the acuteness of those who had penetrated the darkness, and unveiled her to the view of mankind. The path to her temple has been portrayed as labyrinthine and beset with difficulties; and to become her oracle or minister has been supposed to require the intellect of angels and a life-time of study and reflection. But may we not suppose that this repulsive character has been given to truth, not only from feelings of pride, but from motives of interest also? That it was one of the fables of ambition and craftiness, invented to keep the ignorant many in subjection to the enlightened few!

Brig Hudson—The Brig Hudson, from Calcutta, abandoned at sea, was insured at Boston for $101,800, in the following offices:

Atlas $21,000, Franklin $21,000, Mercantile $[illegible], Globe $10,700, Atlantic $7,700, New England $7,000, Columbian $6,000, Washington $4,000, Boston $4,000, Neptune $3,000, [illegible] Fire and Marine [illegible], Manufacturers $4,[illegible], Suffolk $1,[illegible], [illegible] about $1,500 [illegible].

MILITIA FINES. Our readers will doubtless recollect that at certain militia musters last fall, a number of our good citizens, not having the fear of court martials and fourth corporals before their eyes, thought proper to appear on the parade in a dress, (commonly called *fantastical*,) which was deemed by their commanders altogether unsuited to the business for which they had been called together. In consequence of this difference in *taste* between the officers and soldiers, many of the latter, (although "armed and equipped as the law directs,") were treated rather cavalierly while on duty, and fined in the snug sum of $12 each afterwards; and such as did not choose to shell out the change were forthwith inducted into the lodgings which the public have kindly provided for those poor devils who have fallen under the displeasure of their superiors, or who are blessed with a multiplicity of debts and a scarcity of cash. So far, then, the gentlemen fantasticals appear to have had rather a dry joke of it—but they seem not exactly inclined to let the matter drop here.—Accordingly, one Mr. Crocker, who was imprisoned for neglecting to hand over the aforesaid $12, and who lay in jail till his prosecutors saw fit to release him, has commenced a suit against the officer who caused his incarceration, laying his damages at $5,000. Should he succeed in his suit, we fear the officer may be necessitated to display himself, at the next "trainin'," in a worse dress than even that which occasioned such an explosion of his wrath.

CROSS EXAMINATION.—A witness lately examined in one of our Courts (Illinois,) upon a trial concerning a horse trade, was asked by the counsel for the defendant how the plaintiff generally rode?

Witness. He generally rides a-straddle, sir.
Counsel. How does he ride in company?
Witness. If he has a good horse, he always keeps up.
Counsel. How does he ride when he is alone.
Witness. Really, sir, I cannot say, for I never was in company with him, when he rode by himself.
Counsel. You may stand aside, sir.

NEW-YORK FARMER.—Mr. Samuel Fleet, the publisher of the N. Y. Farmer, a weekly agricultural paper, has associated Mr. George Robertson, a practical printer, in the work, which is intended to be improved. Mr. F. is about to travel on a tour of observation, for the benefit of his publication.

The skin of a fat dog.—Would ye like to buy a dog skin sir? If it is a good one I will buy it. A good one—why it was taken off the fattest dog you ever saw, he was dreadful fat—oh you never did see any thing like it—he was as fat—oh he was *almighty* fat! But I dont know about fat dog's skins being so very good, I have heard they were tender.—Oh—but—wal—I don't know as I can say he was so all darned thunderation fat arter all.

NO TIME TO PRAY.—The Irish, with all their blunders, intermingle a reedeeming spice of shrewdness, and the sense of the relative value of commodities, which would hardly be expected from their national character. One of them exhibited this in a manner somewhat ludicrous last week. Teague had contracted to marry; and in order to have the contract executed, proceeded in a hired sleigh with the bride to the study of a clergyman in this town, distinguished for decorum and propriety, and especially for the happy manner in which he performs the marriage ceremony. The thing was done, and the parson having declared them husband and wife, married agreeable to the commonwealth, proceeded to say, "Let us pray." "Avast there," says Paddy, "I've got a horse and sleigh at the door are a *dollar an hour*, and I can't stop to pray; come wife, let's be off," and seizing the reluctant damsel, hastened to get his dollar's worth of sleigh riding.—*New. Enq.*

ENGLISH SPORTING NEWS.—A match for 10*l.* aside, of a similar nature to that recently won by Mr. Osbaldeston, but on a much smaller scale, was determined on Saturday last at Kersall Moor. Mr. Geo. Lees, horse dealer, of Manchester, undertook to ride twenty-three times round Kerrall Moor, within an hour for a bet of 10*l.* The stipulations were, that Mr. Lees should not be confined to the number of his horses, but that the match should be completed before nine o'clock the following morning. The course at Kersall Moor is seven furlongs, 184 yards round, or 36 yards short of a mile, so that Mr. Lees, who is, by the bye, upwards of six feet high, and of tolerable weighty proportion, would have to ride rather better than 22 1-2 miles within the hour. Mr. Lees took six horses, two only of which were thorough bred, Antiope, the property of Mr. Yates, and Brielle. The others were hacks. Mr. Lees completed his task 55 seconds within the time.—*Chester Chronicle.*

Weekly Fire Reports.

On the evening of Sunday, the 5th inst. a fire broke out in the comb-store of Mr. Gregory, 121 William street, which was soon destroyed, when the fire communicated to the adjoining stores, occupied by Mrs. Millgate, milliner, and Mr. Kane, watch-maker, both of which were considerably injured, as were also the dwellings of Mr. Leonard and Mrs Delatour. The Commercial adds that "Mrs. Millgate was at the church in John street, and no one was in her house besides her two children. The piercing cries of these little ones were heard, and although the avenue to the chamber was filled with smoke, the attempts to save them were successful, and they were brought out almost suffocated." By this event, two families are left in a state of destitution and want.

A fire broke out on Thursday morning, between 2 and 3 o'clock, in a clothing store occupied by a person of the name Mortimor, in Main-street, near Prospect, Brooklyn; and before it could be subdued, it destroyed that and three adjacent buildings. Suspicions are entertained that it is the work of an incendiary.

The National Hotel, at Buffalo, was considerably injured by fire on the 24th ult.—supposed to be the work of incendiaries, who succeeded in rifling the trunk of the occupant of 315 dollars.

The dwelling of Col. Bigelow, in Colchester, Vt. was destroyed by fire a few days ago. No property was saved, the inmates barely escaping with their lives.

On Friday morning last, a two story frame building at Exter, (Mass.) belonging to Mr. Theophilus Goodwin, was consumed by fire, with much of its contents, consisting of platers, gunsmith's and joiner's tools, &c. &c.

The Masonic Hall, a large three story building in Canandaigua, was destroyed by fire on the 29th ult. It was occupied by Mr. H. Howard, as a store and dwelling, and it is supposed his stock was mostly lost.

The tavern of the Messrs. Abbotts, in Hamburgh, Erie county, was consumed by fire on the 26th ult. Loss 3,000 dollars.

The store of Messrs. Wilkeson, Seeley & Co. at Madison, Geauga Co. Ohio, was burnt on the 26th ult. Loss 3,000 dollars—no insurance.

Attempted Suicide.—A most melancholy proof of the wretchedness which necessarily follows a departure from the paths of virtue, was exhibited on Monday evening in this city in the case of a young woman who attempted to commit suicide.

It appears that the female (whose name we forbear mentioning,) is the daughter of very respectable parents residing in Vermont; about five months since she was induced to abandon her home by a middle aged man, calling himself Gordon, who induced her to believe that he had just arrived from Canada, where he said he had large possessions, and that he was about to proceed to New-York to visit some relatives and to transact some business. Under these pretences, and the promise of marrying her when they arrived in New-York, he induced her to carry off a considerable sum of money and some valuables which belonged to her family, and to entrust all to him. In about a week after their arrival here he abandoned her, leaving her almost pennyless, and a prey to those temptations for which he had already prepared her by despair and corruption of heart. Her story is soon told—she was soon numbered amongst the most debased of human beings!

About three or four weeks since, her relatives learned by some vague rumors, heard in the course of their anxious enquiries, that she was in this city, and that it was too probable that she had fallen below their care. Her aged and afflicted parents resolved however to make every effort they could to reclaim her, and for the purpose of bringing about their object, they sent a relative of her's to this city to seek for her.

This young man arrived here on Saturday, and by a diligent enquiry he was able to find out the house in which she resided on Monday—he immediately proceeded there, but no sooner did she see him enter than she fled into the street; he followed quickly and soon overtook her. At first she positively refused to accompany him home as he requested her to do, but finally she apparently yielded to the promise of forgiveness from her parents, which he held out to her. She however, asked that he should allow her to return to lodgings for her bonnet and cloak, a request which he believing reasonable, complied with. On returning to the house she went up stairs to her room, while her friend remained below; he waited a considerable time for her return but she came not.

He at length became alarmed and went up to her room where he found her suspended from the door of a closet which communicated with the room. To carry her fatal resolve into effect she tied a large shawl and silk pocket handkerchief together; she must have thrown the end of the shawl over the closet door, after closing which she tied the handkerchief around her neck, and swung herself off from a chair which was placed close to the adjacent wall. The noose was so clumsily arranged that the wretched woman had almost effected by her struggling that strangulation which could not have taken place if she had remained quiet.

As soon as her friend saw the situation in which she was, he cut her down; a benefit for which she seemed most grateful to him. When she had recovered from the effects of her temporary suspension, her friend successfully remonstrated with her on the wretchedness of the life which she led, and soon induced her to consent to proceed to other lodgings, from whence they proceeded yesterday on their journey to the home of her more youthful and more happy days.—*Courier.*

AN ODD FIGHT. A group of hay-makers in Selkirkshire lately saw an eagle rising above the steep mountains that enclosed the narrow valley. The spectators were soon aware of something peculiar in the flight of the bird they were observing. He used his wings violently, and the strokes were often repeated, as if he were unusually agitated, wheeling in circles constantly decreasing, whilst his ascent was proportionally rapid. He rose until he was nearly out of sight, when at length he appeared to descend, and with great rapidity, but in the manner of a shot bird. When he reached the ground, a black-tailed weasel came from the body, as the hay-makers came up, looked around, stood on its hind legs for a moment or two, and then ran into a bush. The eagle was dead, covered with his blood; upon examination it appeared that the weasel had eaten into his throat and destroyed him.

DUEL.

The Augusta Chronicle of Jan. 28 says—A friend in Columbus writes us, under date of the 23d inst. "A duel took place to-day, at Fort Mitchel, at half past eleven o'clock, between Major Camp, and Gen. Woolfolk, both of this place, which terminated in the death of the latter. The former received a wound, but believe not a dangerous one. The mail closes directly, and I have not time to give particulars.

Since writing the above, a gentleman of this city handed us the following extract of a letter on this subject, received from a friend in Columbus.

"On yesterday, (23 inst.) I witnessed the duel between Major Camp and Gen. Woolfolk. They had but one shot each. Gen. Woolfolk shot first, and his ball passed through the flesh of Major Camp, an inch above the navel. The wound by many is thought slight, but his surgeon thinks it dangerous. After Major Camp received the wound he shot Gen. Woolfolk. His ball passed through W. above the heart. Woolfolk walked seven steps towards the spectators, and said, "*he has killed me!*" The blood gushed out of his mouth—he viewed it attentively—laid himself upon the ground—and expired immediately, without having again spoken."

Sheldon's Mine, in Habersham county, the Augusta (Geo.) Courier says, is supposed to be one of the richest mines in the Gold Region, yet discovered: that, a few days since, "we saw upwards of 3000 pennyweights just taken from its rich bowels, among which were virgin masses as large as our hand, in the state the volcanic explosion left them.

A paper published at Bangor, Me. says the thermometer was 35 degrees below Zero on the 22th ult.

The mail driver between Georgetown and Fayettsville, was frozen to death on the 27th ult.

Several citizens of Wilmington, Del. have got up a petition praying that the "Living Skeleton" may be discharged from prison, where he is confined for debt.

On the morning of Jan. 26, the thermometer stood at 15 degrees below the freezing point.

BURKING.—Three persons, John Bishop, Thos. Williams, and James May, were lately executed in London, for the horrible crime of "Burking"—that is, a regular system of murdering, to supply hospitals, &c. with subjects for dissection. Bishop and Williams, previous to their execution, confessed that they were instrumental in causing the deaths of three persons—two boys and one woman—but no others. May was declared innocent, by his two colleagues, of participation in any murder:—he being under the belief that the bodies were procured by the regular process of "snatching" from grave yards.

MINA.—The trial of Mina and Mrs. Chapman will commence at Doylestown, on Tuesday next. Our readers shall be apprised of the result, at the earliest period.

THE SLAVE TRADE—HORRID BARBARITY.—The Fair Rosamond and the Black Joke, tenders to the Dryad frigate, have captured three slave vessels which had originally 1100 slaves on board, but of which they succeeded in taking only 306 to Sierra Leone. It appears the Fair Rosamond had captured a lugger, with 106 Africans, and shortly afterwards saw the Black Joke in chase of two other luggers; she joined in the pursuit, but the vessels succeeded in getting into the Bonny River, and landed 600 slaves before the tenders could take possession of them. They found on board only 260; but ascertained that the rascals in command of the slavers had thrown overboard 180 slaves, manacled together, four only of whom were picked up. Such scoundrels as these should be tried for piracy.—*Hamp. Tel.*

FORTUNATE ESCAPE.—The Franklin Repository, printed at Chambersborough, Pa. states that the stage which runs between that place and Pittsburg, in ascending the North Mountain, after dark, accidentally missed the road, and was precipitated about 40 feet down a steep bank.—There were two passengers in the stage at the time, and although it was dashed to pieces, the passengers escaped without the slightest injury! The driver, who it is supposed was asleep at the time, received but little injury.

Infanticide. The body of a child, apparently about six years old, was found in an open lot on Rivington street on Sunday last. Certain bruises on the head of the child lead to the belief that it had been murdered.

A paper called the Saturday Morning Visitor, is about to be published in Baltimore.

AFFRAY.—A New Orleans paper gives an account of a rencontre between a Mr. Wyatt, of St. Helena, and Mr. Aaron West, of Marietta, East Baton Rouge, the week before last, which resulted in the death of the latter, from being stapped with the knife of his opponent.

INSURRECTION IN JAMAICA.—The Boston papers of Saturday state, that a letter had been received in that city from Havana, which says that there was an arrival there from Jamaica, bringing late intelligence of the deplorable condition of that island. The Negroes, 15,000 strong, and well armed, had entire possession of the interior, and were desolating the island with fire and sword.

SHIP GEO. CANNING.—All hope of saving this vessel is now abandoned. The last accounts from her are, that "the tide ebbs and flows through her cabin windows."

THE SHIP GEN. PUTNAM, ashore on Barnegat, has as we learn, bilged, and it is to be feared the principal part of her cargo is lost. We understand the passengers and crew were safely landed.

The pirate Crocker, alias Crockett.—The Newport Republican, in relation to this man, whose examination at Providence on a charge of piracy is deferred until he can obtain testimony from Prospect, Me. says—"It is said he took poison, and thinking himself about to give up the ghost, made a sort of death bed confession, in which he stated that he sailed from this port about 10 years since in the sloop Two Brothers, Capt. Fosberg, for Africa, and after they had been absent some time, mutinied, killed the Captain and all on board who would not join them: that since then he had been in a piratical vessel, called the *Saucy Jack*, and committed several depredations."

Friendship.—Two young men, says the Fredonia Censor, who had been brought in that village as intimate friends from their boyhood, recently met at a tavern there. One of them had but lately returned after a long absence, during a part of which time he had been on a whaling voyage to the South Seas. The other had just arrived from Canada. The South Sea friend was overjoyed to meet his old comrade, and after much solicitation prevailed upon him to share his bed with him for the night. During the 'silent watches of the night,' however, the South Sea hero watched the opportunity when his friend was asleep, to secure his pocket book, containing about forty dollars, left the tavern, and departed for parts unknown.

RIOT.—Mons. Theodore was announced in the New Orleans papers to make an aerial ascension on Saturday, 15th ult. We learn from the Louisiana Advertiser, that vast crowds of people assembled at an early hour to witness this splendid spectacle; after waiting until evening without any appearance of the aeronaut taking his intended voyage, the multitude became exasperated; broke through the fence, and tore down the benches, and cut the balloon in several places. A number of persons were seriously injured, and the aeronaut escaped with difficulty from the violence and turmoil which surrounded him.

Chapter of Accidents. The horses attached to one of Brower's stages, started from the stand at the corner of Broadway and Bleecker street, on Monday last, while the driver was off his seat, and ran down Broadway as far as M'Chesney & Lawrence's, near Canal street, where the tongue broke, and they were stopped without any further injury to the carriage. On their way down they frightened a pair of horses attached to a barouche, which also started off, and ran down Broadway as far as Duane street, when their course was arrested by coming in contact with another carriage. The barouche was dashed to pieces, and the horses were considerably injured. The stage also came in contact with a one-horse wagon, which was shattered in pieces, and the horse ran away with the shifts. We are happy to add that no person was injured.—*Gazette.*

Purloining Voters.—The two political parties in Charleston have each a sort of depository, or stronghold, where, for a few days previous to an election, they secure, by lock and key, all such voters as they can conveniently capture; keeping them in the mean time well supplied with liquors, and gloriously drunk, to be ready to bring to the polls when the election arrives. On a late occasion, while the Union party felt secure of a triumph, and were in consequence somewhat off their guard, the Nullies made an attack upon their stronghold, carried off their voters, and thus gained the election.—*American Advocate.*

A JEW OUTWITTED.—A Jew had ordered a French merchant in Morocco to furnish him with a considerable quantity of black hats, green shawls, and red silk stockings. When the articles were ready for delivery the Jew refused to receive them. Being brought before the emperor, who administered justice himself, he denied having given him the order, and maintained that he did not even know the French merchant. "Have you any witness?" said the Emperor to the Frenchman. "No." "So much the worse for you; you should have had witnesses; you may retire." The poor merchant, completely ruined, returned home in despair. He was however soon alarmed by a noise in the street: he ran to see what it was. A numerous multitude were following one of the emperor's officers, who was making proclamation at the cross roads:—"Every Jew, who within four and twenty hours after this proclamation, shall be found in the streets without a black beaver-hat on his head, a green shawl round his neck, and red silk stockings on his legs, shall be immediately seized, and conveyed to the first court or palace, to be there flogged to death." The children of Israel all thronged to the French merchant, and before evening, the whole articles were purchased at any price he chose to demand for them.

Pocahontas.—Over the western door of the Rotunda, of the capitol at Washington, is a beautiful piece of sculpture, executed by Capellano, a pupil of the celebrated Canova. The group consists of five figures, representing the precise moment when Pocahontas, by her humane and generous interposition, saved Capt. Smith from being executed in compliance with the order of her father, the Chief Powhatan. Capt. Smith is attired in the military dress, (1606,) reclining on his elbow, his body extended, ready to receive the death blow from the war-mace of an Indian, who stands near his head. The Chief, in consequence of the interposition of his daughter, is motioning the Indian, while Pocahontas is hanging over Capt. Smith to protect him. He gives in his narrative the following sketch of this incident: "having feasted me after the best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held; but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan; then as many as could lay hands on me, dragged me to them, and thereon laid my head; and being ready with their clubs to beat out my brains, Pocahontas, the king's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevail, got my head into her arms and laid her own upon mine, to save me from death; whereat the emperor was contented I should live, to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads and copper."

A printer's widow in Germany, while a new edition of the Bible was printing at her house, one night took an opportunity of going into the office, to alter the sentence of subjection to her husband pronounced upon Eve in Genesis iii. 16. She took out the two first letters of the word Herr, and substituted Na in their place, and thus altering the sentence from "and he shall be thy lord," (*Herr.*) to "and he shall be thy fool," (*Narr.*) It is said her life paid for this intentional erratum; and that some secreted copies of this edition have been bought at enormous prices.

The minister of the town of A. by some strange concatenation of events, became somewhat unpopular among his people; and they, to show their *spunk*, on a certain March-meeting, elected him *hog-reeve*. The gentleman elect happening to be present, rose and addressed the moderator thus: Sir, I was chosen some years ago, as *Pastor* of this flock, but as my flock have turned into swine, I think this change of office exceedingly appropriate. I will endeavor to serve according to the best of my abilities.

THEFT. On Tuesday morning last it was ascertained that some one had stolen a horse from the barn of Samuel Noyes of this village, and proceeded with him on the road toward Goshen as far as Mr. Joseph Wilcox's, when, probably, ascertaining him to be somewhat of a hard trotting beast, he *exchanged* him, with only himself to make the bargain, for a horse from the barn of Mr. Wilcox; he then proceeded onward to Mr. Wm. Smith's of Goshen, there fancying that sleigh-riding was a better mode of travelling than riding *bare-back*, he took Mr. Smith's sleigh, harness and buffalo skin, and proceeded to Lempster, where he was arrested, and brought to this town for examination. He called himself Abraham Shepard, of Sharon, Vermont, was examined before Josiah Stevens, Esq. and ordered to recognize in the sum of three hundred dollars for his appearance at the Superior Court in April next, and stand committed until the order is complied with. While under examination, prisoner *appeared* deranged, but it was generally supposed to be mere pretence.—*Newport N. H. Spectator, 28th ult.*

MAIL ROBBERY.—Near Baton Rouge, on the 11th ult. the driver of the western mail was taken from his wagon, by two men, who tied him to a tree, and took off his mail bags and horse and carriage. Having succeeded in unloosing himself from the tree, the driver returned to St. Francisville, where he procured assistance, and went in pursuit of the robbers. Near the spot where the robbery had occurred he found his horse and carriage, but the rascals had decamped with the mail-bags.

Police Reports.

NEW-YORK.

SATURDAY, Feb. 5. Mr. Merrit, one of the Police officers, discovered, in the upper part of the city, a pair of splendid cut glass wine-pourers, which had been stolen from the house of Mr. Dunham about six weeks since. The person in whose possession they were found, purchased them honestly; but the fact of their being stolen property should serve to warn citizens against purchasing valuable property from persons of suspicious character, or those who are unknown.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 9. A great number of valuable articles were stolen in different parts of the city, among them two surtouts from the Exchange Hotel in Broad street.

GENERAL SESSIONS.

Present his Honor the Recorder, and Aldermen Palmer and Woodruff.

The Court set a fine of $25 each, on two grand jurors and twenty-two petit jurors, for their non-attendance at court.

[It may be well to remark to the gentleman fined for non attendance here, that they should attend on some early day during the present session of the court, to present such apologies as they have to offer. By this course they will be saved from the costs of an Exchequer suit, where the excuse is legal.]

John Humphreys, a lad aged about 17 years, was arraigned on a charge of having stolen a pair of stockings from a thread and needle store, and $3 in cash from the money drawer. Mrs. Taylor, the wife of the gentleman to whom the store belonged, testified that she saw the prisoner's hand, in the money drawer; she gave an alarm, and the prisoner attempted to run out, but was seized by a man at the door. This occurred on Saturday; the prisoner was carried to the watch-house, where he was searched; a $2 bill and a silver dollar, which had been in the money drawer, were found in his possession.

The persons who made the arrest, testified to the fact.

The Jury found a verdict of Guilty, but as this was the prisoner's first offence, and the tradesman with whom he is an apprentice, gave him a character for industry, his sentence was suspended.

Andrew Geary and Michael Martin, charged with an assault and battery on John Dill. The evidence shewed that the traversers had merely threatened to commit the violence—they were acquitted.

Gilbert Miller, a sailor, found guilty of an assault and battery—sentence suspended, on promise of better behavior in future.

Robert Morris, indicted for stealing a large quantity of ready made clothing and a parcel of cloth—pleaded guilty.

Charles M'Kinney, charged with an assault and battery committed on John Crissey—acquitted.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 8.—*John Devoe* and *John Sohn*, arraigned for stealing a sum of money amounting to nearly $70; coats, pantaloons, shirts, and other wearing apparel from John T. Phillips, late master of the brig Constitution of this port, which was recently wrecked on the coast of Virginia.—He came to this city a passenger, and had lost this from the ship in which he arrived. Mr. Sparks, the police Officer, having a clue to their haunts, took the prisoners at the Five Points on the day after the robbery, and found about forty dollars worth of the property upon them. The prisoner Devoe, who has been four times in the States Prison, is well known by the cognomen "Captain Smash."—Verdict *guilty.*

Charles Brown, a deaf black, 66 years of age, was arraigned for stealing two bales of rags from his master Benjamin Naar. Found *guilty.*

Joseph Allen, a respectable young man, was arraigned for an assault and battery upon John Welsh. The defendant was a volunteer fireman of the Engine 22, and the plaintiff belonged to Engine 32, which appear to be known as opposition Engines. These having arrived at the fire which consumed the Catholic Church, (St. Mary's) some time since, and No. 32 being out of repair the men belonging to it assisted those of No. 22, when the defendant called the plaintiff "a d——d fool," and struck him a blow under the ear. The plaintiff who appeared to be a powerful man disdained to strike a mere boy, threw back his hand and desired him "clear out," but defendant calling many other young men to his assistance renewed the attack, again struck Mr. Welsh the plaintiff, and kicked him in a part of his person which occasioned him great pain and inconvenience for a long time. The case for the Defendant was conducted with great ingenuity by his counsel, but a verdict of guilty was returned; and the Recorder observed, that the occasion on which this assault occurred, was one among many in which much loss of property had arisen from similar jealousies between rival engines, disagreements much to be deplored, the originators of which when ascertained, ought to be punished.

James A. Davis, arraigned for stealing seven Canton crape shawls, value $10 each, the property of John Pearson, master of the schooner Napoleon, which yesterday cleared out from this port. The case containing these silks was opened by the prisoner, who was employed as a stevador, while the mate was at dinner. Caleb Upsure, the mate, came on deck just as the prisoner was leaving the vessel with the shawls under his arm, and he took them from him. Verdict Guilty.

Davis was the person who, a few months since, conveyed a bottle of rum, ingeniously concealed in a loaf of bread, to a prisoner in this court.

The Court adjourned at half past 1 o'clock.

Mary Keys, arraigned for an assault and battery upon her husband Hugh Keys. This woman was the wretch who some time since maltreated her husband in a manner which cannot be publicly stated; and although he then declined to prosecute her, she had continued to treat him with cruelty scarcely to be paralleled. It was stated by two witnesses that she regularly beat him every night and morning; and that his screams and groans were most heart-rending. They said that in consequence of the injury above alluded to, he had become quite blind and was now lying without food, fire or clothing, at No. 2 Pelham street, the most miserable of huts. Mr. F. Tilyou, the constable, however, had humanely interested himself in his case, and he is about to be taken to the Alms' house.

The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and the Recorder having addressed the wretched woman with great feeling and energy, sentenced her to be imprisoned one year.

PHILADELPHIA.

A fellow, whose mock modesty afforded much amusement to those who knew his real character, appeared before the mayor on Monday, charged with the common offence of having been picked up in the street the preceding night.

Mayor—What is your name?

Prisoner—Oh! don't mention it!

Mayor—I have n't heard it yet.

Prisoner—True, sir—we 'll talk of something else then, if you please.

Mayor—The name first—come, sir, what is it?

Prisoner—Why, indeed, sir, my name is—but the folks here laugh so, I be ot the face to tell it.

A general grin passed over the features of the small collection of gentlemen idlers who thronged the office, many of whom were convulsed with laughter.

Mayor—I shall lock you up at once, unless you give your name.

Prisoner—Softly, your honor—I 'll whispur it—my name is J—— B——.

"Oh, ho" said an officer with an emphasis that attracted all eyes from the prisoner to himself—"you gave a different name in the watch house."

This was the fact, and even more than this; for on looking a little further into the matter, it appeared that this Mr. J—— B—— had given in no less than seven different names in the course of one night, and each one to a different officer; so that, when he answered to J. B. as his name this morning, as it was different from all the others, Seven men picked up their ears in amazement at the fellow's impudence.

Prisoner—I don't *like* to give my name; these young men (pointing to the reporters, who sat gaping at the fellow's lantern jaws) will print it, and it might scarify my character.

Mayor—Well, whether you are Mr. J. B. or Mr. A. S. S. I shall fine you for tippling—and the same was forthwith done, in spite of the prisoner's ejaculations of his innocence.

LOVE IN THE HIGHWAY. Mr. Andrew Fig, (his real name we shall suppress for the present,) was charged, on Tuesday morning, with having committed an assault and battery on the person of Miss Sophia Adz, which the complainant narrated in a highly theatrical manner as follows:

"Sir, I was looking into Mr. De Young's window, in Chesnut street, last evening, about ten o'clock, admiring the beautiful things I saw in it, when I suddenly spied a large wax doll. Dear me, says I, what a clear, sweet, pretty little baby, that is! How I wish I had it! Now I said this to myself, yet for all that somebody heard it: so I, instantly heard somebody say, right at my elbow, 'The d—l you do! It 's very easily got, Miss;' and turning round, I saw the prisoner standing on the cellar door close by me. He took off his hat, and asked me how I did, and if he might go home with me. No, says I, what do you want there?—there 's nobody there but my mother. 'O!' says he, 'I want to see your mother quite bad.' So I looked at him again to see if I knew him, and with that he pulled out a lemon from his pocket, and squirted the juice right in my eyes, and"—

Defendant—Squirted what?

Complainant—Do n't interrupt me, you—and she gave her pretty under lip a twitch of scorn that made the reporters tremble lest the jaw might never get into its proper place again.

Defendant—What did I squirt at you?

Complainant—He squirted the lemon-juice right into my eyes, and then put his arms around me to kiss me. So, as the watchman just then called the hour at the corner of Fourth and Chesnut streets, I begged him to take the prisoner off, and he did.

The charge appearing very straight, the defendant, whose genteel appearance made it difficult to believe he would be guilty of such wanton insolence to an unprotected female, asked Miss Adz to step aside a moment with him. She did so, and after a good deal of flirting on her part, and talking and beseeching on his, during which the sound of half dollars jingling against each other was distinctly audible, the parties re-appeared at the bar, stated they had settled the matter amicably, and to the surprise of all present, left the office arm in arm, having agreed to spend the evening together, and laugh the matter off.

TUESDAY.—Two or three persons were brought up this morning, by the watch, who stated that he had been requested to take them from a public house, in Bank street, by the landlord, who was there to make the charge against them.

The landlord stated, that between eight and nine o'clock last evening, two of the prisoners, Thomas and Hilsey, accompanied by another person, came into the tavern, and called for something to drink; that a person who was sitting in the room joined them and drank with them; which, when done, he requested the former persons to pay for, but was refused, and an altercation took place, which proceeded to blows; the landlord attempted to pacify them, but failing, ran for the watch, and having returned, found that they had broken a window in the scuffle.

Thomson said he thought he could throw a little more light upon the subject, and commenced by saying, that he invited two or three persons into the house to take something to drink, and when they arrived at the bar, he enquired of his company, "what will you take, gentlemen," and before an answer could be given, a person sitting in the room stepped up, and with the utmost familiarity exclaimed, "Yes, gentlemen, what are you all going to take?" None of them recognising him as an acquaintance, but thinking him probably some generous would-be friend, thanked him kindly, and each stated what they would like; they got the liquor, and drank it; but when it came time to settle for it, as Hill, the Yankee, would say, "Shaw looked at the colonel, and the colonel looked at me, and I looked at Shaw, and the colonel looked at Shaw, and Shaw, he looked at both on us' and the colonel said donty, the liquor is drank, but 'tant paid for'" So Thomson looked at Hilsey, and Hilsey looked at the person who called for it; and he said, "Gents, I 'spose you 'll pay for it." "Pay for it!—No!"—said Thomson. "If I do, I'll be—d—dashed! we 're not so soft after you 've called for the liquor;" and then commenced words, soon followed by blows, and the watchman close in the rear. A part were fined, and the residue bound over for assault and battery, and to keep the peace.

The Report of the Bank Commissioners was made to the Assembly on Tuesday. We make the following extracts:

"The whole number of the banking institutions in the state, exclusive of the three branches of the United States Bank, is sixty-four. Two of them have branches, and the aggregate capital of the whole amounts to $24,133,160".

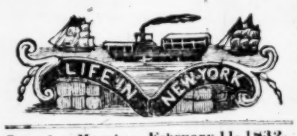
After referring to a list of the fifty-one banks reporting to them, the Commissioners say—

"These reports, and the more minute information acquired by personal examination, give us a very satisfactory knowledge of the situation of each bank, and our experience affords us every assurance that the just confidence of the public in the present system, for the regulation of banking has not been misplaced. The currency under it has thus far been sound, and within the state undoubted. And in other and distant states, it is believed to have acquired and to be gaining a character not before enjoyed by our local banks."

The following is the aggregate statement of the funds, &c. of the fifty-one banks reporting to the Commissioners, on the 31st of January, 1832:

Notes discounted	$32,824,953 17
Bonds and Mortgages	347,112 52
Debts in judgment	174,994 70
Debts in suits	90,576 93
Special loans	685,644 68
Real estate	888,127 03
Stock owned by the banks	86,632 56
Debts on account of over drafts	195,980 52
Personal estate	21,182 63
Profit and loss	94,833 78
Bank fund	65,698 91
Specie	1,681,858 04
Bills of solvent banks	4,179,953 93
Items counted as cash	466,832 98
Debts due from corporations, &c.	4,451,820 28
Total	$46,661,547 07
Capital	$18,755,800 00
Bank notes in circulation	12,005,824 70
Profit and loss	1,740,085 51
Deposits to apply on debts	181,304 03
Dividends unpaid	159,953 09
State of New York deposits	12,698 37
Deposit by Canal Fund Commissrs	2,122,402 19
Individual deposits	5,783,411 67
Corporations, brokers, &c.	5,334,954 00
Due from branch to parent bank	126,433 51
Special loans	139,000 60

Spirit of the Times and Life in New-York.



Saturday Morning, February 11, 1832.

THE LABORS OF EDITORS.

Very few of our readers, we presume, are in the habit of seeing frequently, and none, we hope, of reading so large a number of papers as compose the exchange lists of most editors. We can assure them, however, that the *thanklessness* of looking over such a number is not so *desperate*, as they would be likely to imagine. After a few months practice, "we editors" learn how to run through whole names of papers and get at all the "tit-bits" without the least trouble of poring over long-winded essays, or danger of being lost in the intricacies of statistics. With a little experience the head or title, and even the variously colored wrappers of our exchange, become so familiar to us, that from a mere glance at them, we can tell "just as easy" where we shall be likely to get the thing we want as the "boy knew his father." For instance, when we are run rather short for news in the fighting, gouging or dirking department, we seize with the utmost avidity upon Trotter's Gazette, nicely put up in its blue wrapper. In it we are almost sure to find some real Kentucky characteristics,—*frequently* some in the most elaborate perfection, *always* enough in the raw material. (By the way, the very sight of that paper, excellent and original as it is, puts us in bodily fear, lest we should espy in some sly corner of it a notice of his willingness to allow us "to hold him responsible," &c.) So too, if we wish to enliven or astonish our readers with a nice anecdote, or long-winded fish story, we know perfectly well where to look for "a Fat Dog," a "Two-legged Fox," or "No time to Pray."

The labors of Editors in the critical department of their papers, are perhaps overrated in the same manner. We are by no means so lost to modesty as to insinuate, that any one would suspect from the character of ordinary newspaper criticism, that editors *carefully read* the objects of their "ticklings or slashings;" but we have thought there might possibly be some modest, conscientious friend, who is totally unable to conceive how people can have the impudence to puff or condemn works of which they know nothing. We hold to some modesty, yet will we try to shew you, ingenuous friend, how both the above things might be done. Some one has left upon our table a pamphlet which made some noise among the critics, &c. a few months since, desiring us to notice it with the salvo "better late than never." It is Mr. Cobb's review of the orthography of Webster's works, (not Daniel but Noah.) Although the subject is controversial, the merits of the case "would not stick us at all," and we should be governed pretty much by our feelings. Perhaps we should write as follows:—

"We find upon our table a pamphlet of Mr. Cobb, &c. in relation to Dr. Webster, &c. We have not yet had time to investigate the subject as its importance demands, but the care, accuracy, and perfect knowledge of the subject on the part of the writer, entitles the strictures of Mr. Cobb to the fullest confidence. With a nice, accurate and commendable severity, he has pointed out a multitude of defects, inconsistencies and contradictions in Dr. Webster's self-styled "uniform, unverging standard of Orthography." We have no doubt, that the reputation which Mr. Cobb has already acquired by his former very useful publications, will be considerably increased by this his last undertaking."

Or if we had just been borne out triumphantly by Dr. Webster, from an orthographical dispute, we might write the following:—

"A review of the Orthography of the works of Dr. Webster has been left upon our table for us to notice. We take great pleasure in doing this, glad to embrace any opportunity to lift up our voice, weak though it is, in defending Dr. Webster from the malicious and virulent attacks of a "peddling compiler." Nothing disgusts or offends us more than to see a gentleman of the high-minded and honorable character of Dr. Webster assailed by the low, personal abuse of a cowardly blackguard. But what is still more ridiculous, is to see a "village schoolmaster," a "country grammar grinder" undertaking to overthrow a system of orthography the result of the profound thought and the most extensive researches of an acute and powerful mind;—this is *too ridiculous*. The pamphlet deserves no farther consideration."

You are probably convinced by this time, that just and popular criticism is not necessarily the result of long continued study and thought. And we venture to assure you that the most elaborate of ordinary newspaper criticisms takes not nearly the time that this stupendous article has cost us.

APPROACHING DISASTERS.

It is with great uneasiness that we have noticed the excitement produced in the community, by apprehensions of the Cholera. We announced in our last, one offspring of this alarm, in the formation of smoking clubs among the ladies, and the frequent and fearful variations produced in the price of tobacco. We have nothing new to remark upon this subject to-day. We would merely repeat our cautions, and advise the ladies to be more zealous in multiplying the number of societies. On this point, "a word to the wise," &c.

But a greater than the Cholera is coming. We have resisted with every means in our power the mass of evidence going to show that our world is to be destroyed next June by the Comet; but we can resist no longer. The fact is undoubted,—the evidence is overwhelming. However melancholy may be the event, and however great the alarm, the announcement of it will produce among our readers, we feel impelled by a sense of duty to lay the truth before them. We are well aware that other papers have noticed the subject; but they have done it in a spirit of levity—nay mockery—little consonant with the solemn weight of the subject. A great man has declared that "we are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth," and we declare that we never felt more forcibly the correctness of the remark. In this case, it is indeed painful. Our beautiful earth is to be dashed to atoms by a hideous comet.

Comets have ever been very justly regarded as the forerunners of wars and of desolation. "assurance doubly sure,"—the most sceptical will now be convinced. And then, too, to think of the dangerous proximity we shall be in to the spirits that inhabit its *blazing tail!* The thought is dreadful.

We hardly know what consolation to offer to our readers; but think it would be rather foolish to leave the city, and go into the country; but are inclined to believe it will not be *much*, if any more dangerous *here* than *there*. And we are so much nearer the sea is another consideration which should content us to remain, for there is no telling how hot the comet may be. *At any rate*, it will be idle to leave so soon as this. The calamity will not happen till the last of June, and before that time, we shall have an opportunity of learning more definitely the comparative safety of the ocean and mountains. We promise our readers that we will not neglect to attend to this matter. If it should so happen that at the moment of the concussion, the Earth and Comet should be destroyed, the inhabitants left to wend their ways to other worlds, it would become a matter of some importance to conclude which way we should steer. It would do no hurt, in order to avoid the necessity of making up our minds during the confusion of the critical moment, to settle among ourselves the Planet we should prefer for our future residence. If the Magdalen Report is to be believed, a greater part of the inhabitants of this city would decidedly prefer Venus. It may appear foolish to trouble ourselves about this minor point, as it is very possible, and perhaps probable, that if the Earth should be destroyed, we would share the same fate. The importance of the subject will excuse our length.

For the Spirit of the Times and Life in New York.

FANCY BALLS.

In the days of our pious Puritan forefathers, when women were drowned for being witches, men hung for heresy, and husbands prohibited from kissing their wives on the Sabbath, Fancy Balls were unknown; and other assemblies where the light footed "poetry of motion" was in exercise, were among the *mala prohibita* of the land. But in more modern times, when the sunlight of more liberal opinions, it was supposed, had spread its bright halo over the public mind; when the vivid rays of intelligence, had thrown bigotry and narrow souled prejudice into the shades of obscurity; a legislative crusade was undertaken by some modern Peter-like hermits, to invade the territories of those infidel Saladins who had entrenched themselves behind the the batteries of *masks*;—and strange to tell, those entertainments called *Masquerades*, were proscribed and put down by the ponderous weight of death doing penalties. Since this noble effort of high handed virtue, worthy of the best and brightest days of the purest Magdelanism, all *masks*, placed over the faces of the formidable or the fair, are torn to pieces and given to the funereal pyre; while *masks* are now only worn over the *heart*, to conceal, as far as possible, the dark designs that are found in that unfathomable abyss of corruption and crime.

The intelligence of the human mind, and the inventive genius of man, however, were not to be circumvented by any angry edicts of our heaven-loving lawgivers; and a neat, and magnificent substitute for Masquerades, has been found in *Fancy Balls*, which now recommend themselves to the lovers of locomotive mirth and good feelings, partaking of all the elegance of the prohibited entertainments, without any of the reprehensible traits that the others were supposed to possess.

Animated by a spirit of pleasure and curiosity to witness one of those splendid divertisements, I attended, with others, the one given by Mr. J. W. Trust, and his elegant *cara sposa*, on Thursday week last, at the large Assembly Room at the Broadway Hotel, No. 601 *Broadway*.

It was truly a most gorgeous and magnificent scene. The room was handsomely lighted up, and filled with all the glories of beauty, talent and taste. On one extreme, was an extensive orchestra, where the harp and the viol, with other instruments, poured forth a stream of melodious sounds, sweet enough to have charmed "Calypso and her nymphs," and refreshed the ear and the fancy, with delights too rich and too numberless to name. Then too in long ranks, on crimson cushions, sat the beauty and the joy of life, presenting an array of bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and fair forms, enough to make the heart of even an anchorite dance within him, with ecstacy.

Soon the dance was begun, and in numerous circling groups, the bright forms moved forward to the sound of dulcet harmony; here the fair and rich Grecian, and there the crimson costumed Circassian, both with sparkling eyes, and ruby lips, representing in appropriate dresses the beauties of their respective countries; and then again, the Gypsey Queen, the fair inventress of many playful arts, with her fortune-telling power in her hand, diving deeply into the occult mysteries of fate: while Maids of Honor, pretty Peasants, English Belles, French Nuns in black, and Columbia's fair daughters in white, made up the glittering constellation, that gemmed the heavens of pleasure.

Here too were seen the Persian Emir, in his gorgeous robes and splendid head dress, the Turkish Pacha, in his rich velvet vests, and pure white trowsers; the haughty Caledonian Chief of a Highland Clan, with a plaid bedizened with a thousand warrior ornaments, and a cap to suit the haughty character he assumed: the noble Brutus, fresh from the Roman Senate, with his flowing mantle, proud majestic port, and eye that told a hero's heart, was there: a gallant Warrior, with lofty strides and courage beaming from his brow; the shipwrecked Crusoe, from his desert isle, clad in furs of the purest white, and conical cap of the same untarnished purity of appearance; the Eastern Monarch, in all the gorgeousness of pomp and pride and grandeur: the broadbrimmed Quakers in plain attire, groaning in spirit at the follies of the times: the Reformers, with their heart moving appeals in favor of a moral reformation: the Apothecary, with his drugs and doses: the Lawyer, with his quiddities and briefs: the Editor, with his well nibbed pen; the English, French, and Spanish Pages, with velvet caps and tall white feathers, and frocks belted and bound with gold, and ruffled richly round the neck, waiting on the fair: the English Nobleman, of the age of the 24 Charles, in all the pomp of peerage dress, and the sturdy Beggar on his knees asking for alms.

All these and many more, formed the *tout ensemble* of a scene, that brought distant ages and remote countries together, in communion and companionship, rendering the softer and the harsher sexes sweetly social and convivial, and threw a splendor round that language is inadequate to describe.

Then too, the dancing was fine, animated, and exhilerating. The fair fair forms floated gracefully before the eye, and the harder features of congregated and diversified manhood, made together a most pleasing impression on the mind. The several characters were generally well sustained; the pleasure was uninterrupted by disorder or noise, the utmost propriety was uniformly observed, and parents and their daughters, mothers and their children, husbands and their wives, and lovers and their idols, all alike were pleased. The company was sufficiently large to afford comfort, convenience, and pleasure; the thrill of joy seemed imparted to every bosom, and it is much to be feared that some of our Benedicts were deeply smitten, and that fewer hearts returned from this pageant of bliss than were present at its first commencement.

We understand that this elegant Divertisement will be repeated on next Thursday night.

Mr Taylor fancy costumer, from London at 36 Bowery, will furnish every variety of dress. P.

The Terrapin Grotto—A singular name *that* for a restaurateur's, but nevertheless, in this case, a very good and a very appropriate name. Travellers who have seen the Grotto of Antiparos, may descant upon the petrified wonders contained in its caves, its beautsous chrystals, and its luminous spars, but compared with the Terrapin; it must have been a cold and comfortless corner of Mother Earth. In this retreat of the Gourmand, whole hecatombs of terrapin are nightly offered up by the "genius loci," to appease the delicate taste and capacious stomachs of his worshippers.

The "getting up" of the viands is effected in the most approved style of the day, and no artiste knows better than "Sandy" the proprietor, in what manner

"To season with a jest his goodly fare."

There too, in the evening, are to be met with, the choice "Spirits of the Times"—those blossoms of fun, life, and enjoyment, who in the spring time of their lives are determined to remember that the hey day of the blood must one day pass away; and *now* act up to the good old motto "Dum vivimus—vivamus."

A Harmonic Meeting is held on Thursday evening of every week, where the song, the catch, the glee, and the glass, are freely circulated, varied occasionally by a good story, an air on the piano, or an excellent recitation.

The affecting intelligence has reached this city the present week, that the "living skeleton" is confined in jail for debt, under the laws of Maryland. Spirit of Deborah Tripp! inform us how they keep him there. "What mighty magic" do his jailers practice? For no mortal wood-work, no human masonry is delicate enough to trammel his fleshless soul, his unembodied spirit. It is expected that Congress will, during the present session, act upon the subject of a uniform system of Bankrupt Laws. With this glaring instance before them of injustice and cruelty, allowed by state insolvent acts, we do not see how they can avoid the consideration of the subject.

The "*exclusives*," says the Courier, are handing about a paper for a grand ball on Washington's birth-day, but they are particular in not handing the paper to any of the old substantial families of this city: to those who had a grandfather and make no fuss about it. No person is to be blackballed as 'tis understood, for the simple reason of their ancestors having been honest shoemakers or adepts in getting up of small linen.

THE RIVAL FIRE-KINGS.

"Confound it!" said a man who was engaged in watering the streets of Rochester, as a shower came up and drove him from his task—"there *is* no business in Rochester that is not spoiled by opposition!" The poor fellow was not alone in his misfortunes; and it is every where notorious that the Yankees (we use the term in its most unlimited sense) are remarkably for this mode of ruining a trade by excessive competition. Not only do they set it down as an indisputable maxim that "some things can be done as well as others," but they are quite confident, also, that some folks (themselves, of course) can do those things as well as others—and a little better. The rivalry which now exists in the business, pursuit, occupation or profession of *fire-eating*, is an apt exemplification of this propensity. Mons. Chabert, the founder or discoverer of the art, enjoyed, we believe, a complete monopoly of the business, as long as he remained on the other side of the Atlantic. Did he see fit to imbibe a refreshing and invigorating portion of warmth by the side of his sirloin of beef in a hot oven—the gay Frenchman might laugh at it as an excellent joke, but, found as he was and is of merriment, he did not choose to amuse himself with the play-things of M. Chabert. The sober German might shake his head gravely as his kingship proceeded to wash his hands, face, &c. in melted lead, and to smooth (not curl) his hair with a red-hot shovel—but he discovered no propensity to imitate these tempting feats. And even John Bull, as he witnessed the voracity with which this king of the devouring element regaled himself upon prussic acid, arsenic, and other luxuries of the kind, though he protested it was "all humbug," still manifested no appetite for swallowing phosphorus, or indeed any of the fire-king's sweet-meats. But the case was sadly altered when, in an evil hour, this devourer of things unpalatable and indigestible in the judgment of mankind in general, bent his course towards our shores. He had scarcely landed in our city before competitors appeared, ready and eager not only to do but to outdo every thing which he had attempted. Rivalry naturally breeds jealousy if not ill-will; and the *original* fire-king, finding his fame and fortune waning under the opposition which he has encountered, has proffered a challenge to all pretenders to the art of poison-eating and fire-defying, to meet him for the purpose of having a trial of their respective powers. A Mr. Houghton, who claims to be the American fire-king, has accepted the challenge, and says that "on the first day of March, or any other day in March, Mr. H. will meet the celebrated fire-king, before an audience of medical gentlemen. The poisons to be furnished by three of the most respectable chemists of this city. Mr. H. will take from these gentlemen one tea-spoonful of prussic acid, and administer it to M. Chabert. Mr. H will then receive the same quantity of M. Chabert." Should the audience require the swallowing of arsenic and phosphorus, these poisons are to be administered as above. Mr. Houghton, in his turn, challenges Mons. Chabert to perform sundry fiery experiments, in order "to settle at once all doubts as to which is the real [!] fire-king."

We are curious to learn the issue of this novel combat.—By the way, as M. Chabert is something of a dealer in nostrums, we wonder if he will not prescribe this fire-eating as a safeguard against the cholera morbus? If so, we will try our hand at swallowing a red-hot poker.

PARK THEATRE.

Mr. Jones, the distinguished vocalist, was announced for a benefit on Tuesday evening; but, owing to the weather and the attractions on Monday and Wednesday, he was obliged to sing to empty boxes. We regret this, inasmuch as Mr. Jones has merited, by his exertions to "wile away a weary hour," a bumper. But his night was ill chosen, and the entertainments also, as many think. We hope yet to see him liberally remunerated by the public, and from what we know of *that same*, we have no doubt he will be.

Mrs. Austin has been playing to good houses. Cinderella is still the favorite of the town. This augurs well for the growing taste in our citizens for Operas and fine music. We contemplate the recent rapid advances of the English Opera in this country with much satisfaction, as promising still farther perfection, and as yielding the advantages of public amusement in the most elegant and innocent form. Take for an example the plot of one of the most popular Operas, *Cinderella*—the story is simple, and the moral is that suffering virtue will be finally rewarded. From the splendor and beauty of the music, the gorgeousness of the scenery, and the thick gathering of the incidents, there appears to be very little necessity or use for the condiment of oaths, slang phraseology, and the other common and not always innocent allurements of some successful pieces. Its charms appear to be almost inexhaustible. It has already run an extraordinary number of nights, and hardly a critic has opened his mouth against it. Indeed many, who have attended its representation twenty times, assure us that they are as well, if not better pleased with it, than when it was first brought out. We can, in part, bear witness to this ourselves; for since it first appeared we have often attended, and have been quite as much entertained, and encored the songs, &c. with as much gusto, as at its debut. (We hope Mr. Simpson will bear this in mind, and do "the clever thing.")

To Cinderella has succeeded the startling incidents and deep passion of Masaniello, which has been splendidly "got up," as might have been expected from the fact that the Manager had been expending his attention and talent on it for some time past. The *executive* part of this task cannot be in better hands than Mr. Barry's, whose good taste and untiring vigilance have done so much towards constituting Cinderella that perfect and splendid Opera that it is.

Of the performers, and the pieces themselves, we *could* say something,—but the public, not satisfied with this, *will go* and see for themselves; and thus, instead of thinking to *pay us* a dollar per quarter for giving them such general information, every week, of "Life in New York," they attend the Theatre, and pay a dollar a night—and we do not deny that the Manager deserves it, [as well as ourselves.]

We have not attended so as to be able to present our readers with any regular *critique* of the various pieces which have been enacted the past week. To feel obliged to write one, would not be much of an inducement to frequent any theatre,—but to pay a dollar for the privilege we cannot afford, and is not to be thought of, especially when we know that the members of the fraternity generally have the "freedom" of this house, and we, in common with them, enjoy the privilege at every other theatre and place of amusement in the city. We hope, however, for more liberal views and feelings on the part of the *present* Manager, and hope this answer to the inquiries of our friends—"why we do not give *critiques* of the Park"—will be satisfactory.

RICHMOND HILL THEATRE.

Miss Duff's Benefit.—We attended the benefit of this lady on Monday evening, and must allow that she even exceeded the high opinion we have ever entertained of her merits. She is justly styled the "Siddons" of the American Stage, as all those who have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing her in Jane Shore, Isabella, Belvidera, Lady Macbeth or Mrs. Haller will acknowledge. She has applied her great and varied accomplishments to improvement in her profession, and her control over the muscular powers of her countenance render her able to display the conflicts of passion, with the greatest veri-similitude to nature. Her enunciation is so clear, so full, so "organ-like," that though she *may* have possibly an equal (which we beg leave to doubt,) she certainly has no superior; and none, we boldly affirm can compare with her in mellowed sweetness, and passionate, but harmonious energy in pathetic passages. Her compass of voice, is at times, startling, and during her present engagements at Richmond Hill, she has in this respect, if we may be allowed the expression, surpassed herself. On Monday she called up all her thrilling powers, and though the house was crowded, it was in her presence as silent as the tomb. Many a rugged and time worn worldling, whom the loss of friends and property could not have moved, refused her not the passing tribute of a tear. Although Isabella is not her *chef-d'œuvre* still in her personation of this unfortunate, the *effect* was immense.

Mrs. Duff is an especial favorite with all: her readings being distinguished by an accuracy of phrase, and exceedingly judicious distribution of emphasis, in which she particularly excels; which show her to have been a close student, not merely of the words, but the spirit of the author. She has uniformly drawn full houses, which we feel gratified to record. It may not be generally known that she has a family depending on her exertions for support, and that as a widow and a mother, despite her unsurpassed talents as an actress, she possesses claims of no ordinary description on the liberal patronage, so freely bestowed by the New-York community. Of the minor characters, we have but room to say that they enacted their parts to the satisfaction of the audience generally. Mr. Lennox, as Villeroy, was better than we ever saw him; Mr. Russell's Jolly was in his best style; Mrs. Russell's Aurelia and Mestayer's Splash, were received with acclamation, and the evening's entertainments went off with *eclat*.

CHATHAM THEATRE AND CIRCUS.

This snug little establishment has received the past week, an accession of several members of the *corps dramatique*, of whom report speaks favorably; and Mr. J. P. Fogg's Equestrian Company, whose united performances do not fail to draw full houses; and, we hope, are also filling the Manager's pockets with the "*kinkies*." Mr. Phillips merits a liberal support for his gentlemanly demeanor, and his tact and humor on the stage, which, we opine, will not be disregarded. He is at present going the "whole figure."

For the "Spirit of the Times," &c.

RICHMOND HILL THEATRE.

The patronage of this establishment is rapidly increasing, owing to the numerous and gratifying novelties presented to the lovers of the drama.—Sheridan's tragedy of Pizarro has been brought out at this theatre with much success. Mr. Wilson, as Rolla, performed his part with much spirit—in the dungeon scene he was remarkably fine—nothing could be more beautiful; and yet he did not receive a single encore. Though there are many impartial critics in this city, yet it is a lamentable fact that the persons who generally visit the theatres bestow praise where it is not due; and where the acting is chaste and true to nature no praise is awarded. This was the case on Wednesday evening. Mr. Clarke deserves credit for his able personification of Pizarro. Mrs. Duff, as Elvira, did full justice to the character: her performance was correct and natural. With a prepossessing appearance she unites talents of a high order, a clear conception of the character represented, a strong voice,—pronounces her words distinctly, reads correctly, and is always perfectly familiar with her part. She never appeared to better advantage than on Wednesday evening, and the thunders of applause from the audience (which was numerous) gave evidence of their admiration of her talents. Mr. Russell, as Orozembo, and Mrs. Russell, as Cora, were both first-rate. On Saturday evening Macbeth was performed to a thin house, owing to the inclemency of the weather. All we can say of the performance is, that Mr. Wilson, as Macbeth, was good; Mrs. Duff, as Lady Macbeth, was excellent; and the whole went off with considerable *eclat*.

Mr. Russell is an actor of much genius, and as a manager he has no superior—may his exertions not go unrewarded.

Feb. 9th. THESPIS.

We remark the following statement in the London Morning Chronicle:

"Madame Malibran Garcia, having been advised that her marriage contracted in America is void, has given her hand to the celebrated violinist, De Bertot."

The Weekly Messenger, printed at Russellville, Kentucky, under its "theatrical" head, says:

"For a few days our village has been enlivened by the performances of Mr. Baldwin's *Dramatical Corpse*."

Enlivened by a *corpse!*

"My lord, stand back, and let the *coffin* pass.

Postage.] We have a great mind to ask some of our *dear* friends, who tax us 25 cents for the purpose of giving us the important information that they would like to see a specimen of our paper—to reconcile their conduct with generosity, justice, or honor. As however, we deem such persons insensible to those persuasives which should be used to influence *men*, we prefer to tell them plainly that unless they desist from thus exhibiting their meanness at our expense, we shall feel compelled to expose them (personally) in such a manner as will make them feel not so very comfortable. We trust this hint will be sufficient.

Balls are all the go now. In addition to the famous one to be given by the Bachelors on St. Valentine's Day, we notice that measures are in progress to get up a great military fete on the 22d inst. This is as it should be.

Melancholy Occurrence.—At about 7 o'clock on the night of the 13th ult. a negro woman property of Mr. Henry Isbell, of Burr Creek, Fair-District, came to her master, seemingly much agitated and informing him that two runaway negroes with packs on their backs, were in the lane armed with dirks or knives, and declaring they would not be taken by any person. Mr Isbell, who was sitting by the fire in his stocking feet, instantly rose and without waiting to put on his shoes took down his gun, and went in pursuit. The two supposed runaway negroes made off, and Mr. Isbell pursued them, encouraging his dogs that were having them for near a quarter of a mile, came within 15 or 20 yards of the supposed runaway negroes, when one of them turned round and threw stones or junks back but did not speak; Mr Isbell then fired his gun at on of them who instantly exclaimed, "I am a dead man" staggered a short distance and fell. The other person ran off. Mr. Isbell then advanced to the fallen person, and to his unspeakable horror, found it to be his near neighbor and friend, Mr. Meredith Wilson and not a runaway negro. Mr. Isbell called out unceditelsly for assistance, sent for his neighbors, and had Mr. W. carried back to his house on blankets, went after a doctor and rendered him every assistance in his power, but all in vain! The wounds were too deadly; nine buck shot, having entered his abdomen, and four through his right hand; he expired in about 17 hours afterwards.

The person in company with Mr. Wilson when he was shot, was a lad that lived with him of the name of Jackson Motley, who testified before the coroner's jury "that Wilson and himself were returning from Columbia with one of their neighbors who had been there with a wagon—they had left the wagon to go through Mr. Isbell's lane for a nearer way home, had seen a negro or negroes, but did not speak to them—was bayed by dogs—did not speak or hear any one else—Mr. Wilson turned round and threw junks or stones at the dogs—heard and saw the gun fired—heard Mr. Wilson exclaim "I am a dead man!" and then ran off. He also stated, as well as all the other witnesses, "that he never heard of any thing but harmony and good feeling between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Isbell: the confession of the latter concurring literally with that of all the testimony before the jury.

This awful occurrence has widowed an amiable and affectionate woman, deprived three infant children of a tender father, and the neighborhood of one of its best citizens. The lacerated feelings of Mr. Isbell can be better imagined than described.

The verdict of the jury was in conformity with the foregoing facts.

A man named Guy Clark was hung at Athens, Tompkins county, on the 3d inst. for the murder of his wife.

N. HOLLMAN,
Fashionable Hair Cutter and Perfumer,
No. 2, COENTIES SLIP.

HAS just opened the old stand formerly occupied by D. Lewis, near Pearl street House. Those who have been in the habit of patronizing the old stand, are respectfully requested to call.—Such articles as are usually kept in an establishment of the kind, can be found here. He hopes, by punctuality and attention, that he may merit the patronage of the public in general. Gentlemen shaving themselves can have their Razors put in order at the shortest notice. Jan. 1832

J. A. Kipp,
AUCTION & COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 185½ Grand st.
NEW-YORK.

Dr. S. Fuller & Sons.
SURGEON DENTISTS, 177 Broadway a few doors from Courtlandt St. New York, respectfully inform the Ladies and Gentlemen that he continues to practice in all the various branches of his profession from the setting of a single tooth to a full set of the best kind of teeth of every description. He also cleans, divides and fills hollow teeth and extracts in the best and most careful manner. All teeth sold by him will be set with the greatest care and ease to the patient, and his charges shall be moderate. He also makes and has on hand the best of Tooth Powders at a reasonable price; and if it do not edify after a person has tried it once with warm water it is all they are at liberty to return it, and receive their money. For a dentist to advise people respecting their teeth is very difficult; for many of the tip tops that he advises for his own good, and not for the good of their teeth; and in this way, and by neglect of parents, thousands of young people's teeth begin to rot before they know it.

We shall be happy to wait upon those ladies and gentlemen who desire our attendance at their respective dwellings.

New York, February 1, 1832.

Bignall's Prize Office,
141 Broadway.

ON Saturday, February 11, will be drawn at Philadelphia the favorite Union Canal Lottery. Class No. 3. for 1832—56 No. Lottery—8 ballots to be drawn. Yates & M'Intyre Managers.

SCHEME.

1 Prize of	$20,000	1	do.	$1000
1 do.	2,436	1	do.	1,000
14 do.	500	25	do.	100

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

Tickets Five dollars. Shares in proportion—For sale at Bignall's.

On Tuesday, February 14, will be drawn at Wilmington (Del.) the Grand Consolidated Lottery, Class No. 3 for 1832. 63 No. Lottery, 9 drawn ballots. Yates & M'Intyre, Managers.

SCHEME.—1 prize of $10,000; 1 do. 2,000; 1 do. 1,685; 10 do. 1000; 10 do. 500; 10 do. 200; 50 do. 100, &c. &c. &c. Tickets $5; shares in proportion. For sale at *Bignall's*.

$100,000 for only $10!!

The very brilliant Delaware & North Carolina Lottery will be drawn at Wilmington, (Del.) on Tuesday, Feb. 21st, 1832. Ten ballots to be drawn. Yates & M'Intyre Managers.

SCHEME.

1 prize of	$20,000	1 prize of	10,000
1 " "	5,000	1 " "	3,000
100 " "	1,000	56 " "	500
56 " "	100	&c. &c. &c.	

Tickets $10, shares in proportion, for sale at Bignall's.—Wholes, Halves, Quarters, and Eighths. No disappointment to those who call on Bignall.

☞ All Foreign or New York prizes cashed at BIGNALL'S Prize Office, 141 Broadway; where tickets in all licensed Lotteries are for sale, on the most accommodating terms.

Orders from the country or elsewhere, enclosing the cash or prize tickets, will always meet with prompt attention, if addressed to D. BIGNALL.

H. KAHN,
FASHIONABLE HAIR CUTTER,
jl1-4t 13 GOLD SLIP.

Bardotte's Dressing Room,
126 BROADWAY,
Opposite Messrs. Thomas Stokes & Son.

It chanced that in strolling Broadway,
And glancing at all that is gay,
I entered the Room of Bardotte:
Was so charmed with what I there saw,
That I cannot but willingly draw
A *hasty* sketch of the spot.

The Room is furnished with taste,
Rich Luxuries conveniently placed,
Towels is of the whitest French linen,
Razors of Eng. s best steel,
Indeed I do love, by a deal,
'Tis the finest I ever have been in.

Bardotte, in his art to Advance,
Has spent several seasons in France,
And carefully studied the graces;
He gives to the gentlemen a hair,
A genteel and elegant air,
And spirit to that of their faces.

His Italian *toe*, holds a steel,
The roughest skin scarcely can feel,
It moves through the lather so soft;
And in short, to take all in all,
I'm so pleased that I surely shall call,
At his excellent Dressing Room, oft.

A Friend to Luxury.

WATCHES AND WATCH MATERIALS.

A gentleman many years connected with the watch trade, residing constantly in Liverpool, and allowed to be the first judge, will forward any description of Watches, Clocks, and materials. He merely charges a small commission on the prime cost of the articles. Any orders left with me will be sent to Liverpool, and should the goods on arrival not be found cheap and good, I will guarantee to refund the money. This is well worthy the attention of the Trade in general.

S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway.

Clubs.

Adventurers in the country forming clubs for the purchase of Lottery Tickets (by sending their orders directed to this office) will be dealt with on very liberal terms.

MONEY SAVED.

Many patrons complain of the return postage to obviate this expence all those who wish it, I will send a certificate (of the original tickets or Shares ordered,) on the sheet containing my letter. The Tickets or Shares of which Certificates are sent, will be sealed up and lodged for security in the bank. I have adopted the mode of late with many who feel perfectly satisfied, but in no instance is it done without express orders.

S. J. SYLVESTER, 130, Broadway.

Commission and Exchange Office,
130 BROADWAY.

S. J. SYLVESTER continues to discount Notes on all the Banks throughout the United States, the Canadas, England and Ireland. He purchases and sells Bank of England Notes, as also Gold and Silver of all kinds. Notes, Drafts, &c. payable in any part of the States or Europe, collected on most reasonable terms. Commission Business in all its branches, by

S. J. SYLVESTER.

Gold Balances.

PERSONS in the habit of purchasing English Gold, are informed, that the subscriber has just imported some superior BALANCES; they are very small, and particularly correct. Banks should never be without them. They will weigh Sovereigns and Half-Sovereigns, and likewise Dollars and Thirds. S. J. SYLVESTER.

Business Cards.

OF Merchant Tailors and Mechanics circulated on favorable terms by

SYLVESTER, 130, Broadway.

GOLD, Silver, English and Irish Bank Notes will be bought at the highest rates, also Bills on Liverpool and London, at any of the offices of S. J. SYLVESTER.

Bank of England Notes.

WANTED $250 at SYLVESTER'S 130, Broadway.

WESTMORELAND Bank Notes wanted at SYLVESTER'S.

For Sale,

BILL on Liverpool for £150 at SYLVESTER'S.

S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N. Y.

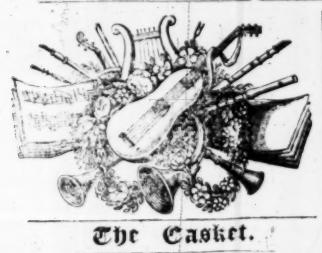
WILL give the highest Price for SOVEREIGNS, & GUINEAS, SPANISH and PATRIOT DOLLARS, NAPOLEONS & LOUIS D'ORS, and all kinds of *American, English, German, French and Portuguese Gold, also, English and French Silver. POSTAGENS, Bank of England and Irish Notes.*

Sylvester will likewise discount at the lowest rates Notes of all the Banks in the United States, and of the Canadas, also sell and give drafts on the principal Cities. Letters addressed as below will meet the same attention as on personal application.

SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway.

Wanted at this Office,

SEVERAL *Persons to procure subscribers, &c. for this paper, to whom good encouragement will be given. References given and required.* ☞ *Application must be made immediately.*



The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

The prize of Fifty Dollars, offered by the publishers of the Albany Literary Gazette, has been awarded to the following Poem.

THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY, OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Amid those forest shades that proudly rear'd
Their unshorn beauty toward the favoring skies,
An axe rang sharply. There, with vigorous arm,
Wrought a bold emigrant; while by his side
His little son with question and response
Beguiled the toil.

"Boy, thou hast never seen
Such glorious trees: and, when their giant trunks
Fall, how the firm earth groans. Rememb rest thou
The mighty river on whose breast we sail'd
So many days on toward the setting sun?
Compared to that, our own Connecticut
Is but a creeping streamlet."

"Father, the brook
That by our door went singing, when I launch'd
My tiny boat with all the sportive boys,
When school was o'er, is dearer far to me
Than all these deep broad waters. To my eye
These are as strangers. And those little trees
My mother planted in th garden bound
Of our first home, and whence the fragrant peach
Fell in its ripening gold, were fairer sure
Than this dark forest shutting out the day."

"What, ho! my little girl,"—and with light step
A fairy creature hasted toward her sire,
And setting down the basket that contain'd
The noon's repast, look'd upward to his face
With sweet, confiding smile.

"See, dearest, see
Yon bright-wing'd parroquet, and hear the song
Of the gay red-bird echoing through the trees,
Making rich music. Didst thou ever hear
In far New England such a mellow tone?"

"I had a robin that did take the crumbs
Each night and morning, and his chirping voice
Did make me joyful, as I went to tend
My snow-drops. I was always laughing there,
In that first home. I should be happier now
Methinks, if I could find among these dells
The same fresh violets."

Slow Night drew on,
And round the rude hut of the Emigrant,
The wrathful spirit of the autumn storm
Spake bitter things. His wearied children slept,
And he, with head declin'd, sat listening long
To the swoln waters of the Illinois,
Dashing against their banks. Starting, he spake—

"Wife! did I see thee brush away a tear?—
Say, was it so?—Thy heart was with the halls
Of thy nativity. Their sparkling lights,
Carpets and sofas, and admiring guests,
Befit thee better than these rugged walls
Of shapeless logs, and this lone hermit-home."

"No—no!—All was so still around, methought
Upon my ear that echoed hymn did steal
That 'mid the church where erst we paid our vows
So tuneful pealed. But tenderly thy voice
Dissolv'd the illusion:"—and the gentle smile
Lighting her brow,—the fond caress that sooth'd
Her waking infant, reassur'd his soul
That wheresoe'er the pure affections dwell
And strike a healthful root, is happiness.

Placid and grateful to his rest he sank—
But dreams, those wild magicians, which do play
Such pranks when reason slumbers, busy wrought
Their will with him. Up rose the bustling mart
Of his own native city,—roof and spire
All glittering bright, in fancy's frost-work ray.
Forth came remember'd forms—with curving neck
The steed his boyhood nurtur'd; proudly neigh'd—
The favorite dog, exulting round his feet
Frisk'd, with shrill, joyous bark—familiar doors
Flew open—greeting hands with his were link'd
In friendship's grasp—he heard the keen debate
From congregated haunts, where mind with mind
Doth blend and brighten—and till morning rov'd
Mid the lov'd scenery of his father-land.

THE PICTURE.

I saw the picture, 'twas a fair young creature
With a mantle thrown around her.
Gracefully the light,
Fell on a brow of spotless white,
And stealing by a lip of rose,
Slept on her breast in calm repose,
As if the very sun and air
Might think it best to slumber there;
Her mouth would craze you—loves and graces
Alone should know of such sweet places,
It had no corners—dimples deep
Like nets to put her smiles to sleep
Usurped them—Oh you'd like to die
Among those dimples like a sigh,
To be the leaf her lip had bit
Or the last word to lie on it.

I saw the lady—I should know
'Twas she—the painter told me so.
Her mouth was like an awkward gash
Just cut upon a winter squash;
Her cheek was not just of the die
To make a contrast with her eye,
'Twas like a pudding and a plumb,
Or like an inkspot on a drum,
'Twas such a face as you would make
Of two black buttons in a cake.

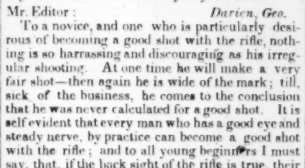
Now, did you ever—'pon my word—
Poor human Nature grows absurd,
To flatter all the world's aunt, Molly
And make a shrew look melancholy.
To take them all, Tom, Bob and Sal,
And paint them intellectual,
"I would drive a fat man to despair—
Bob, where's my picture?—Hang ye—there.

EARLY LIFE OF MISS. O'NEILL. Lady Morgan related to me many interesting circumstances respecting the celebrated Miss O'Neill, whom, as you know, I regard as the greatest dramatic artist it has ever fallen to my lot to admire. She said that this extraordinary young woman, who, from the very commencement of her career, had given evidence of the highest genius, remained utterly neglected at the Dublin Theatre, where she performed for some years. She was at that time so poor, that when she returned home at night, after the greatest exertions, she found no other refreshments than a plate of potatoes, and a miserable bed, which she shared with three others. Lady M. once visited her, and found the poor girl mending her two pair of old stockings, which she was obliged to wash daily for her appearance on the stage. Lady M. now procured for her various articles of dress, and took upon herself, in some degree, the care of her toilet, which had been extremely neglected. She obtained more applause after this, though still but little. At this time one of the managers of the London theatres accidentally came to Dublin, saw her, and had the good taste and judgment immediately to engage her for the metropolis. Here she at once produced the most extraordinary sensation; and from a poor unknown young actress, rose, in one moment, to be the first star in the theatrical firmament of England.—*Travels of a Foreign Peeare.*

The marriage of the celebrated Miss Foote, the nurse, and formerly the mistress of Col. Berkeley, now a peer, and subsequently the object of Fox Green Hayes's adoration, with the Earl of Harrington, has recently been announced in the American papers. The annexed paragraph states the manner of the introduction, and the suddenness of the passion which so speedily resulted in the Happy Match:—

A MIS-CHANCE.—The unexpected marriage of the Earl of Harrington with Miss Foote was as sudden as it was singular. The Noble Earl having taken great interest in Madame Vestris's *Olympic speculation*, exerted himself warmly in her support, and one evening invited her to supper at Harrington House, and to bring Miss Sydney with her for a companion. Something occurred to prevent Miss Sydney from accompanying the fair Lessee, who, in consequence, introduced Miss Foote, when the latter, by her graceful and unassuming manners, combined with her personal beauty and accomplishments, so completely won the affections of the Noble Earl, that he immediately offered her his hand, with an earnest desire that the nuptials might be solemnised *on the ensuing morning!* The lover's ardor effectually overcame the reluctance of the lady, and on the *ensuing morning*, Miss Foote *became* the Countess of Harrington. We have every reason to believe that there is not a happier couple than the Noble Earl and his lovely and talented bride. It is not possible for us to say what prevented Miss Sydney from accepting the Earl's invitation, neither can we presume to imagine the nature of that young lady's thoughts upon the singular result, but certainly there is every appearance of her having lost a *chance*.

ACCIDENT—The Southern Mail Stage on its way to this city on Friday evening, was upset in Newton: the driver attempted to pass several teams with loads of ship timber, and coming to a hard snow bank, the stage was overturned. No passenger inside was injured, but Lieutenant Babbit, of the U. S. Navy, who was on his way to Gloucester, and was sitting outside with the driver, had his leg fractured, and was carried into the house of Dr. Austin, his friend, opposite which the accident happened. Lieut. B. had a moment previous remarked to the driver that he wished he could stop to see his friend.—*Boston Patriot.*



INDEFATIGABLE PERSEVERENCE OF TWO YOUNG FOXHOUNDS.

MR. EDITOR: *Darien, Geo.*

Seeing, in several of your interesting numbers, accounts of the performance of celebrated foxhounds, I give you the following description of unequalled industry in two young hounds, which can be attested by men of undoubted veracity.

These dogs were but nine months old at the time of their grand performance. They were whelped and raised in Godfrey's Savanna, South Carolina. 'Twas on a fine, cool, bracing morning in December, that a party met to take the field, and try if they could not succeed in killing a famous old buck that had long tormented the pea-fields and potatoe slips of one of the neighbors. He had been fired at twice, but unsuccessfully. The pack of hounds consisted of three old dogs and the two puppies.—About 8 o'clock they roused the old fellow, and went off in fine style. All the hunters were put in the dumps; for the old villain after playing like a cat for two hours in a large swamp, snuffed the breeze, and struck a course different to what he had ever taken before. After a length of time, the disappointed hunters returned homewards. The old dogs came in about sunset. The owner of the puppies was very uneasy about his valiant warriors; as he had bestowed much care on them in their raising, and they were of choice blood. The next morning, about 7 o'clock, a Mr. Ironmonger, going a snake hunting, heard the yelping of dogs, and presently discovered the deer and dogs, in close pursuit, coming down a pine ridge, and bearing down upon him. He fired and killed the old veteran, and asserted that the little puppies were close on him, and both deer and dogs moving very slowly, almost exhausted. He knew the puppies, and as they were soon stiff, (as soon as they became cool,) he carried them to their owner in a cart, who was rejoiced to find they were not lost, and overjoyed when he heard how they had distinguished themselves. He ordered food to be given them immediately; but the little fellows necks were so stiff they could not put down their heads to the pot, and had to be fed by the hand. These noble dogs had run 23 hours, and covered themselves with glory.
Turf Reg. ALTAMAHA.

THE KEEN SPORTSMAN.

"Hark forward!" cries the squire; his hounds
Dash o'er his neighbor Crabtree's grounds,
Who call'd aloud, (although too late,)
"I wish your honor would but do
To others as is done by you:
Let them not run through my estate."
"My friend," replies the laughing squire,
"I'm doing just what you desire:
To all the country 't is well known,
I don't mind running through my own."

The Proper Charge for the Rifle—To keep the Rifle clean, and the Grooves free from Rust.

Mr. Editor: *Darien, Geo.*

To a novice, and one who is particularly desirous of becoming a good shot with the rifle, nothing is so harrassing and discouraging as his irregular shooting. At one time he will make a very fair shot—then again he is wide of the mark; till, sick of the business, he comes to the conclusion that he was never calculated for a good shot. It is self evident that every man who has a good eye and steady nerve, by practice can become a good shot with the rifle; and to all young beginners I must say, that, if the back sight of the rifle is true, their irregular shooting must be owing to the incorrectness of the charge. It will never do to fire a rifle without a charger, and that charger must be exact. To find the correct charge for a rifle, I give the following simple method, as I got it from an old hunter. I have tried it, and mentioned it to many others, who have found it correct. The moulds of any rifle three times filled with good powder, is the charge.

I perceive that one of your subscribers highly recommends the use of the common parchment for patching; that in the egress and ingress of the ball the rifle is cleansed of all impurities. I have not had the curiosity to try his patching, as I have been in the habit of using a composition, which not only answers every purpose, but I must say that, if your subscriber will give it a trial, I think he will give it the preference. I think it would answer admirably on the parchment patches. This composition is mercurial ointment and myrtle wax combined; for cool weather tallow would answer. With this I always grease my patches, and find it keeps the inside of my rifle bright and clean: and since I have been in the habit of using it, I seldom wipe: and were it not for the caking in the bottom of the powder-bed, occasioned by constant shooting, I do not belive a rifle would ever require cleaning. After using the rifle, it should be plugged with a bit of cork to exclude the air—particularly on salt water situations.—*Ib.* ALATAMAHA.

A HUNTER.—The following anecdote has recently been related to us. A gentleman who was hunting, discovered a flock of ducks in a stream, and attempted to get within gunshot of them, by crawling on his hands and knees under cover of a fence; he had just arrived at the point from which he intended to fire, when he heard a noise behind him, and upon turning his head he discovered a fox within a short distance; the ducks were at once forgotten, and the gun was levelled at reynard, the hunter pulled upon the trigger, but the fox heeded him not; upon which, impressed with the idea that he had desperately wounded the game, our hunter dropped his gun, and to use a common phrase, *hoked it* through thick and thin, over fences and through brush, wondering all the while that a wounded fox should hold out so well; reynard, however, had no idea of being caught, distanced his pursuer so much that he gave up the chase.—Upon returning to reload his gun, he ascertained to his infinite astonishment that it had not been discharged, the powder in the pan had not even flashed!! *Newport Spectator.*

AUGUSTA RACE TURF.

A sweep-stake Race, one hundred dollars entrance will be run over the Augusta Race Course, on Tuesday the 30th instant. Four gentleman have already entered horses; which promises good sport to the lovers of fine horses.

[A very judicious and impartial correspondent, in nowise interested in the result of the late races on the Central Course, and who is, moreover, partial to the family of Black Maria, suggests, in reference to the account of the races by our esteemed correspondent "Godolphin;"—]

Why should the apologies be confined to *one* side—"Celeste no lean"—"O'Kelly" meets "the foulest cross"—"Black Maria off her feed," and "some what stiff and sore;" (though she ran her 20th mile quicker than either mile *her* sweepstake, and was beat the heat by Trifle in such good time.)—Maria won, Fooglikeepsie, a 2d four mile heat, in 7 m. 53 s. having won the first heat in 7 m. 50s.—"Screamer in love." Should it not, for common justice' sake, be equally well known that Virginia Taylor had run three heats in good time the preceding day—that Collier, *within* three weeks, had run and won, in consecutive weeks, two severe racers, four mile heats each, beating the *best* horses in Virginia—had been over worked and ran restive—that James Cropper was entirely out of order, and made no run, besides breaking down—that Busiris, a well bred son of the famed Eclipse, must have been greatly below his mark to have so failed in *bottom*. As to "Godolphin's" account of the sweep-stake—Did not Collier *alone* make play at Eliza Reily for more than two miles, and Virginia Taylor ran up near the end of the third mile, between the two last turns, did he not gallantly take lead, and all at once become restive! Screamer from any nag being within "a mile distance," of Virginia Taylor at the termination of the heat, is it not remembered she came to the Judges' stand in a canter—not faster than a good trot, (or this would have been decidedly the quickest heat in the race,) and that all her competitors hauled upat the distance post!—So far from the first three miles of the second heat being done in a gallop, did not Busiris do his best for two miles, closely followed by Collier, that horse of all work, who took the lead on entering upon the third mile, towards the close of which he was headed by Maria? As to the match, it is not distinctly remembered that Screamer at any time *led*; but, so far from being at Trifle's "hips" at the close of the heat, is it not certain she was beat at least four lengths? Trifle beat her farther, under a hard pull and with ease, in the next heat.

A Counsellor, on cross-examining a witness, found occasion to address him with, "Well my old buck, I suppose you are one of those people who do not often go to church." "Perhaps," said the other, "if the truth were known, I am as often there as you are." The promptness of the reply produced a laugh, in which the witness very cordially joined. "What makes you laugh?" said the lawyer. "Is not every body laughing?" replied the other. "True," said the man of law, "but do you know what they are laughing at?" Why I think in my heart," rejoined the fellow, "that they take either you or me to be a fool, but I do not know which."

THE SEA TIGER.

The sealing schooner Pacific, which arrived at this port a few weeks since, brought home the skull and hide of a sea tiger, taken near the South Georgian islands. This brave tenant of the deep measured seven feet in length, and girted three and a half when killed. The general shape of the head is that of the common seal, with the exception that it is more elongated, and the sockets of the eyes deeper and broader. It measures fifteen and a quarter inches from the extremity of the nose to the to the great hole of the occipital bone. The length of the lower jaw from the chin to the point of articulation with the upper jawbone, is eleven and a half inches. A straight line drawn from one articulating process to the other, measure six inches. The number of teeth is thirty-two four of which are tusks. The largest tusk is an inch and a quarter long, and one inch in circumference at its base. In each jaw there are ten grinders, which, immediately after emerging from their sockets, are divided into three distinct conical portions, the central division being more than half an inch long, and the two latter ones the fourth of an inch, all terminating with sharp smooth points. The skin is covered with fine, thick, short hair, of a gray color in the back, and spotted with black and white on the abdomen. It has short, strong flippers, and moves with surprising velocity in the water; all its motions in that element being indicative of great strenth.

Its principal food consists of penguins, and when a flock of these beautifull birds are discovered at a distance, he gets upon the windward side, lies upon his back, and in this attitude suffers himself to ride upon the billows with his head slightly elevated above his body, keeping his dark, vigilant, eye steadily fixed upon the ill-fated object of his pursuit, and as soon as he has floated sufficiently near to secure it, he turns upon his belly, cleaves the billows with astonishing swiftness, and the next moment he is seen plunging into the water with a penguin, which weighs forty or sixty pounds, in his capacious jaws. He is an animal of undaunted courage and shrewdness.

The crew of the Pacific were frequently chased by sea tigers while they were cruising in their boats. On one occasion, when two of the men were at a considerable distance from the shore, and from the schooner, a tiger nearly twenty feet long, and six in the circumference, discovered their situation, and immediately pursued the boat with all possible speed, when he got within ten or twelve feet he leaped for the boat, at the same time exposing his teeth with great rage; but failing to get into the boat, he made a furious attempt to upset it. At this moment one of the party lodged a musket ball in his body, but this only served to augment the animal's fury, and he again attempted to spring into the boat, and had it not been that he received a severe blow from a lance, would have succeeded. He still kept up battle with unabated courage and violence, repeated his efforts, and seemed resolved that neither the power nor the weapons of man should prevail against him, and it was not till the second and the third balls were lodged within him that he was overcome.

At another time some of the crew were three miles from the schooner in their boat, when they saw a large tiger following in their wake. He kept at a distance from the boat, and betrayed no disposition to annoy the party; which circumstances induced them, at that time unacquainted with the habits of the sea tiger, to pursue him; but they soon found, that their ignorance of the character of their enemy had betrayed them into imminent danger, and that they were likely to pay dear for their temerity, for the tiger prepared himself for the battle, and gave chase to the crew, who immediately pulled for the vessel, and it was with extreme difficulty that they succeded in keeping him out of the boat, or from upsetting it. Some of the sailors tasted the milk of the sea tiger which they killed and found it excellent.

It has been supposed that the sea tiger and the walrus are the same; but they differ in several particulars, such as the number, size, shape, and relative position of the teeth, and in the form of the head, which latter in the walrus bears a strong resemblance to that of the human species.
Portsmouth Herald.

MARCH OF INTELLECT.—A beer shop has recently been opened in Wells street Hackney, called the "Hokee Pokee and a pot of Mild;" where also are sold, bearing the following quaint names, at per pot—viz:—"Hokee Pokee sixpence; Rum Jam, fivepence; Tom and Jerry, fourpence; and Tidely wink, threepence, drawn mild in your own pots.

Musical Instruments, &c.

CHARLES G. CHRISTMAN, Manufacturer of Musical Instruments, having taken the First Premium for the best Flutes, Accordions, Kent and Pocket Bugles, at the Annual Fair of the American Institute, offers for sale the following Instruments, which are not surpassed by any in the Union: Patent Flutes of the newest improved style, tipt Flutes, plain Flutes, Fifes, Clarionets, Flageolets, double Flageolets, Bassoons, Bass Horns, Serpents, elegant Paris Horns Kent Bugles, common Bugles, Trombones, Trumpets, Drums, Tambourines, Turkish Cymbals, Bass Viols, Violins, Guitars, Hand Organs, new patent Accordions, Mouth Harmonicas, with instructions in Spanish and English, and a general collection of Piano Forte Music at half price.—Instruction Books for all kinds of instruments, and Music for all kinds of wind instruments. All kinds of instruments tuned and repaired. The subscriber would particularly direct the attention of the public to his newly invented patent Accordion, an instrument played on by the hands, and with the gentlest motion emitting the most complicated and beautiful sounds. It has 6, 7 and 9 keys, and on it may be executed the most difficult pieces without effort. He hopes that the public who have heretofore been very liberal in patronizing him, will still continue to stop at 398 Pearl street, where they will always find a supply of first rate Musical Merchandize on the most liberal terms. He has just received a supply of first rate Roman Violin Strings, at the lowest prices.
dec10 tf

A. COX, Jr.

STEAM SCOURER, 80 CEDAR STREET, ONE DOOR FROM BROADWAY,

WHERE, he respectfully informs his friends and the public, he continues to *Dye, scour and repair Clothes* at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. New collars, cuffs and buttons, neatly put on coats.

Orders punctually attended to in any part of the city. ☞Cash given for cast-off clothes. jl4 ly

Marble.

H. CLINTON PAGE continues to supply orders for MARBLE WORK at his former stand, 132 Division street, New-York such as Gravestones, tombs, Cenotaphs, and Funernal Monuments, of every description, executed to order with elegance and despatch.

N. B.—H. C. P. from his former practice for the Jew burying ground in Montreal, will be able to execute inscriptions in the Hebrew letter with greater facility and in a style superior to any of the trade in the city. dec 10

S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway,

KNOWN as the ever and always lucky, would remind his friends and the public at large, that he is regularly licensed by the several states in which he has offices, to vend authorized lottery tickets, all of which are the original—those persons purchasing of him, will be protected from fraud or imposition.

The general satisfaction *Sylvester* has hitherto given, and the liberal patronage he has received from all parts of the Union will but stimulate him in his exertions to meet the wishes of his friends, and if attention, punctuality, dispatch, and the strictest honor, will insure him the continuance of their favors, he feels confident of obliging them and he proudly refers to the past as a guarantee for the future. All those who are not already acquainted with Sylvester, can refer to the very first houses in every section of the country, also to the respectable managers, Messrs Yates & McIntyre.

In another advertisement it will be seen that S. J. S. attends as usual to the exchange and commission business; letters will meet with the same attention as on personal application. Those who remit funds, without naming any particular class, will have tickets in the first good scheme.

☞Orders must be addressed in all cases to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N. York, Pittsburgh, Pa., Baltimore, Md., Paterson, N. J.

N. B. To save postage, those that request a certificate of the tickets will be sent and the same will be lodged in the Bank subject to the order of the purchaser. This mode of late has met with much success.

☞No connection with any other person in the city and no one has permission to solicit orders in my name.

To Printers and Publishers.

THE subscriber's expectations having been more than realized in the sale of his LIGHT FACE PRINTING TYPE, he takes this opportunity of returning thanks for the favours received. He hopes, by the exertions made and now making of bring out new articles, which may be depended upon for service, as well as in Stereotyping as Printing, that his Typographical Brethren, and Publishers, will find it beneficial to themselves to continue their patronage.

A new and complete series of Alphabets, from Agate to English, NEW STYLE, (hair lines rather stouter than any heretofore got up in this country,) are now in a state of forwardness, Agate, Minion, Brevier, and Long Primer, are complete, impressions of which can be seen on application: this style of type is more particularly calculated for Newspaper Printing.

The demand for the subscriber's Type, and Stereotype, has been so extensive, that he has been induced to enlarge his establishment by an additional building—so that he is now prepared to execute the most extensive orders in either line, with much greater facility than heretofore; and on as favourable terms, as to credit, &c. as are offered at smaller establishments.

Type which has only been used in stereotyping, most generally on hand, and can be furnished on short notice at a reasonable rate to those who may prefer it.

Every article made use of in the Printing line, furnished to order, at manufacturer's prices
JAMES CONNER.
Franklin Buildings, corner of Nassau & Ann sts.

Domestic Happiness Prizayed,

A New-Year's Present.

THE above work is now ready for delivery and will be presented to Subscribers immediately. Others who wish to procure this valuable work, will be supplied with a copy at subscription price by applying at the Publishers office, 53 Fulton street, up stairs. 31 Dec. 1831.

Boots, Shoes, and Caps.

500 PACKAGES of fresh Boots and Shoes, just received from the Manufacturers, comprising a large assortment of prime goods, well adapted to the present season.

2000 pair Men's prime thick Brogans and Shoes.
1000 do do second quality do do
5000 do do thick pegged and sewed Boots.
5000 do do kip Brogans and Shoes.
1000 do do fine sewed Brogans and Shoes.
2000 do Gentlemen's calf do do
2000 do Boys' thick do do
3000 do do fine sewed do do
3000 do Women's prime lace leather walking Shoes.
2000 do do sewed and pegged leather Boots.
4000 do do Morocco walking Shoes & Boots.
1000 do do Lasting do do
500 do do half heeled Roans.
1000 do Gentlemen's Russett morning Slippers.
2000 do do Buckskin do do
3000 do do lined and bound grained Brogans and Shoes.
2000 do Misses lasting and morocco Shoes.
5000 do Children's leather, do do

Also, an invoice of 30 cases, comprising a general assortment of Men's and Boys' seal cloth and morocco Caps, &c. for sale by
GEO. W. HOLLAND,
129, Water Street

NOTICE.—A Lottery will be drawn in New-York each Wednesday throughout the year. The Union Canal Lottery of Philadelphia, will be drawn every other Saturday. Schemes varying from five to ten dollars.

A Lottery is drawn every Friday at Richmond, Va. S. J. SYLVESTER,

Prizes will be cashed at Sylvester's Offices in Pittsburgh, Pa. 130 Broadway, New-York, Main street, Paterson, N. J. Baltimore, Md.

Yates and McIntyre's Tickets and shares are always for sale at the above offices.

When Money is enclosed without the Lottery being specified, tickets will be forwarded in the most approved of Yates and McIntyre's Schemes. A considerable discount allowed to Clubs and to those who purchase packages.
S. J. SYLVESTER

DENTIST.

Dr. L. Francis,

SURGEON DENTIST, 93 Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, New York, respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen, that he continues to practice in all the various branches of his profession, from the setting of a single tooth to a full set. He cleans, divides, and fills hollow teeth in the neatest manner, and warrants his *Antiodontalgic Wash*, as completely efficacious in curing the diseases of the gums, fastening loose teeth, preserving those that are carious from further decay; and is a certain cure for the tooth ache. His *Teeth Without Decomposible Teeth* are a real imitation of nature; and having passed the ordeal of fire in making them, they do not absorb the saliva so as to become offensive either to the taste or smell; no particle of food can adhere to them, so the breath remains sweet. The incorruptible teeth retain color, solidity, durability, polish, strength and beauty not surpassed by any. He also sets *Artificial Human Eyes* which cannot be distinguished from real, and will perform every motion of the eye, without giving the slightest pain. Those wishing to honor him with their commands, will find his charges moderate. The poor attended to every morning, from 7 to 8 o'clock, gratis. dec21 ly

Drugs and Medicine.

DR. W. HORTSEN, 141, Grand Street, corner of Elm Street, has on hand a complete and extensive assortment of genuine Drugs and Family Medicine. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. From a regular apprenticeship, served with one of the first chymists in the world, and a continuance in it for the last 10 years, Dr. H. flatters himself that the Public will find its advantage in purchasing from a regular druggist instead of ignorant pretenders.

TO BOOKSELLERS, PUBLISHERS, PAPER MANUFACTURERS, STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS, AND OTHERS.

March Trade Sale.

THE subscribers notify the *Trade* that the first Spring Sale in the city of New York will be held by them on the 27th of March next. The catalogue is already preparing, and will be published about the 15th of February. It will be found to contain large invoices of the most valuable works, published by the first houses in the line. The assortment of Blank Stock to be sold in this sale is very extensive, and of the first quality. There will be upwards of 10,000 Bibles, of various kinds, from the splendid folio to the beautiful diamond octos. On the 28th March, the second day of the sale, will be sold about 20,000 dollars' worth of Stereotype Plate, the works are all popular and valuable, and the plates are nearly new—small editions only have been taken from them.

There will also be sold several Printing Presses, Type, Engraved Coppers, and numerous articles connected with the publishing business.

The subscribers would call the attention of Booksellers residing in the Southern and Western States to this sale; they will find an immense variety of stock to be sold, and will be put up in suitable lots to meet the wishes of the country purchaser.

Those who have surplus stocks of Books to dispose of, will find the approaching sale to combine every advantage desirable to their interest.

Paper manufacturers, having quantities of Cap and Letter Paper on hand, are enabled, in these periodical sales, to realize fair prices and quick returns for their property.

Contributors, who intend invoices for the first Catalogue, must forward them to be in New York by the 5th of February; those that are received after this date will be inserted in the second, which will be published early in March. The Catalogue will be distributed extensively throughout the U. States. Should any of the Trade not receive it in due course, they can have it forwarded by mail, on application (if by letter, post paid) to the Auctioneers.

Additional Warehouses are engaged for the reception of consignments; consequently they will be enabled to deliver purchasers their goods without any delay.

Liberal advances made on the receipt of the property. The commissions and charges as heretofore.

PEARSON & GURLEY,
New York Long Room, 169 *Broadway*.
New York City, Jan. 13, 1832.

Robert H. Elton,

Engraver on Wood, No. 137, Division st. NEW-YORK.

A LARGE assortment of one, three, and six cent colored Toy Pictures, wholesale and retail. Fancy Prints, Stationary, Songs, &c.—A liberal discount made to venders. dec 10tf

ROBERT S. CASSAT & BENJAMIN HUTCHISON have associated themselves together, under the firm of *CASSAT & HUTCHISON*, for the purpose of transacting a general

Commission & Forwarding Business,

in this city.—They have taken the warehouse No 8, Market, a few doors from Water street, recently occupied by Messrs. James Adams, jr. & Co. where they have now on hand, and intend constantly to keep, a complete assortment of

Groceries,

together with all kinds of PITTSBURGH MANUFACTURED ARTICLES, which they offer for sale on the most liberal terms.
Pittsburgh, Jan 6, 1832.

S. D. CHILDS,

Engraver on Wood, 135, Broadway, NEW-YORK.

Notice to Storekeepers.

S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, New York, respectfully offers his services to Country Merchants and Storekeepers, in the purchase of Goods of every description, particularly DRY GOODS and GROCERIES. S. J. S. has connection in business with the first houses, whereby he is enabled to buy cheap, and his charge will be extremely moderate, say 2 1-2 per cent. If a remittance be enclosed, small orders will meet with the same attention as the se of larger amounts: it will be obvious to dealers, particularly those on a small scale that this is an opportunity deserving notice—the merchants will save the trouble and expense of a journey, and may devote on being well and economically served. Orders may be addressed either to Pittsburgh, Baltimore, or New York, the subscriber having a house in each city. S. J. SYLVESTER. d24

To Lottery Adventurers.

S. J. SYLVESTER Licensed Vender, 130 Broadway, N. Y. 33 Market St. Baltimore, Md. 16 Exchange Buildings Pittsburgh, Pa. Maine St. Paterson, N. J.

☞All orders for tickets in Yates & McIntyre's Lotteries (none others are sold by Sylvester) must be addressed as above.

S. J. SYLVESTER respectfully informs his friends he has no connection with any other person. All tickets sold at any of Sylvester's offices are the original, and the prizes will be paid at any of them, or by the manager's agents throughout the United States.

Reference, Yates & McIntyre.

Tattersall's, 146 Broadway.

THE public are respectfully informed that this popular establishment still continues in "the full tide of successful experiment." Horses of all descriptions may be purchased at *Private Sale* from the Bazaar—and public Sales at auction on each Monday afternoon at half past 3 o'clock. Carriages *new* and second hand in endless variety can be seen and bought from the Galleries—Horses kept at Livery in the best possible manner, faithful grooms, pure water, and good feed.

The RIDING ACADEMY under the immediate superintendance of Mr. *Bluth* is open for the winter season, and made comfortable by stoves. Ladies have the opportunity of selecting the hours most convenient to themselves.

BLYTH & WATSON,
22 *Dec* 1831 Tattersall's, 146 Broadway

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

In undertaking the publication of a paper, devoted, as this is designed to be, to the pleasures, amusements, fashions and divertisements of life, the subscribers have been animated by the persuasive encouragements and gratuitous promises of support, of many of the most influential, enlightened and respectable members of the New-York community. It is, to a certain extent, a field unoccupied by others, and one which is deemed important to be filled. For while the politicians, the theologians and the literati of our country have each their separate oracles which (like that at Delphos) proclaim aloud and defend their several opinions and interests; the cause of fashion, of pleasurable entertainments, of taste and recreation, find but few publications of a periodical kind, appropriated solely to their encouragement and support. To paint "life as it is," without the artificial embellishments of romance; to speak of its propensities for enjoyment, its appetite for pleasure, and indulgence, and its tendncy to enter into occasional follies, is to do what many must approve, and no one can condemn. For it is certainly no more improper to *record* the acts of men, than to promulgate them orally to the world. "Pleasure," says a noble Frenchman, "is the chief business of life;" and however seemingly incorrect the maxim may be in the estimation of some, yet it is literally true: for the devotee certainly takes pleasure in the exercise of his religion, the merchant and mechanic in their several branches of employment, and the man of letters in his books: while the sportsman who chases the hare, or attends the ring or the race, is only pursuing pleasures in congeniality with his natural or cultivated taste.

In presenting this new candidate for favor and patronage to the public, it is the intention of the publishers to render it as interesting as possible, and to please *all* if they can, without wounding the feelings or disturbing the prejudices of *any*.—The language will be always chaste, so that the most delicate may approve. The paper will treat of FASHION, TASTE, and SCENES OF REAL LIFE, gathered from the every day exhibitions of the world. THEATRES, MUSEUMS, and other fashionable places of resort will receive appropriate notices, while the SPORTS OF THE TURF, the RING, the PIT, of the FIGHT and the FOWLER, will engross no inconsiderable portion of attention. The proceedings of the COURTS, civil and criminal, will as far as possible be given, when matters of interest occur; and more especially those of the POLICE, where Life in all its forms and colorings is so faithfully portrayed. It is also the intention of the editors to devote a considerable portion of each paper to the compilation and dissemination of the news of the day, in a summarial form, which will serve as a brief and faithful record of all important passing events, condensing a large mass into a comparatively small compass.

With these intentions, fully and fairly proclaimed, and with the most perfect good feelings towards all our co-laborers in the same vocation, we present ourselves before an enlightened community as candidates for their patronage and smiles. TERMS—Three Dollars in advance.

WILLIAM T. PORTER,
JAMES HOWE.

☞POST-MASTERS and other Gentlemen who will act as AGENTS for our paper, by giving us notice, can have forwarded to them Subscription Papers and extra copies.

Gentlemen can be furnished with a specimen No. by forwarding their names free of expence.

Editors inserting our Prpspectus will entitle themselves to a free Exchange and the favor will be thankfully reciprocated.

PROSPECTUS.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE circulation of "SYLVESTER'S REPORTER, COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR, & NEW-YORK PRICE CURRENT," having far exceeded the anticipations of the Proprietor, it being widely extended through every State and Territory in the Union, also in Upper and Lower Canada, and the West India Islands—it is proposed to enlarge it to the imperial size, on the issuing of the first No. in January, 1832.

In addition to a large portion of miscellaneous and literary matter, original and selected, it will contain much useful and valuable information, not only to professional and mercantile men, but to the farmer, the mechanic, and the laborer. A complete and correct list of all the *Broken Banks* in the Union will be given, together with an account of all the latest *Counterfeit Notes* in circulation. Also the prices of the bills of the various branches in the U. S., designating the discounts at which they are received in this city. It will contain the "*Prices Current*" of the New-York Market, corrected weekly; the value of the *Stock* of all the Banks, Insurance, and other incorporated Companies; the prices of gold, silver, and the various rates of *Exchange* with the principal commercial cities of Europe. Every No. will also contain a detailed statement of all the *Authorized Lotteries* under the management of Messrs. Yates & M'Intyre, with their days of drawings, prices of Tickets, list of Prizes, and the numbers of each Lottery as drawn.

The subscription price of the paper will be *Two dollars and fifty cents* per annum, payable in advance; and from the fact of its very extensive circulation, and great number of copies sent to distant subscribers, it is confidently believed to be a valuable vehicle wherein persons of every grade may advertize their different avocations.

Advertisements for any period of time, will be conspicuously inserted on reasonable terms, and no pains or expense will be spared to make it an interesting, valuable, and useful paper.
S. J. SYLVESTER.

TO THE EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS OF NEWSPAPERS.

JONATHAN ELLIOT, of the city of Washington, respectfully requests the Editors or publishers of Newspapers within the several States and Territories of the Union, to furnish him, *through the Members of Congress* of their particular States or Districts, at the Seat of the Federal Government with *three* copies of their Newspapers [marked "one" "two," and "three"] issued on [or about] Wednesday, the 22d of February, 1832. (*being the Centennial Anniversary of Washington.*)

As his motive is entirely disinterested and patriotic in making this request, it being his desire to produce *positive evidence* of the number of Newspapers printed in the United States and their territories, he desires that particular attention may be paid to this request; and above, by the publishers of country papers in distant towns, that are, comparatively little known, and if, at the same time, they would communicate in their papers any "*statistical information*" relative to their immediate neighborhood, it would be highly appreciated and gratefully acknowledged.

It is intended that every newspaper received, shall be carefully preserved and arranged, by States, in a room at Washington, devoted for this object; one set to be eventually deposited in the Library of Congress; the *duplicate* set to be transmitted to O. RICE, Esq. of London, (Agent for the purchase of Books, &c. for the Congressional Library,) to be by him placed in the British Museum; and the *triplicate* set to be retained for some public institution.

It is intended, also, as soon as this collection is completed, to publish in a *tabular form*, in the public prints, for the information of the people of the United States, a list of all the Newspapers, embracing the name, place, and period of publication, and terms of subscription. Great pains will be bestowed to make this list (being an important result to be gathered from the collection) as perfect as the material will admit.

☞It is hoped that the intelligent conductors of Newspapers,